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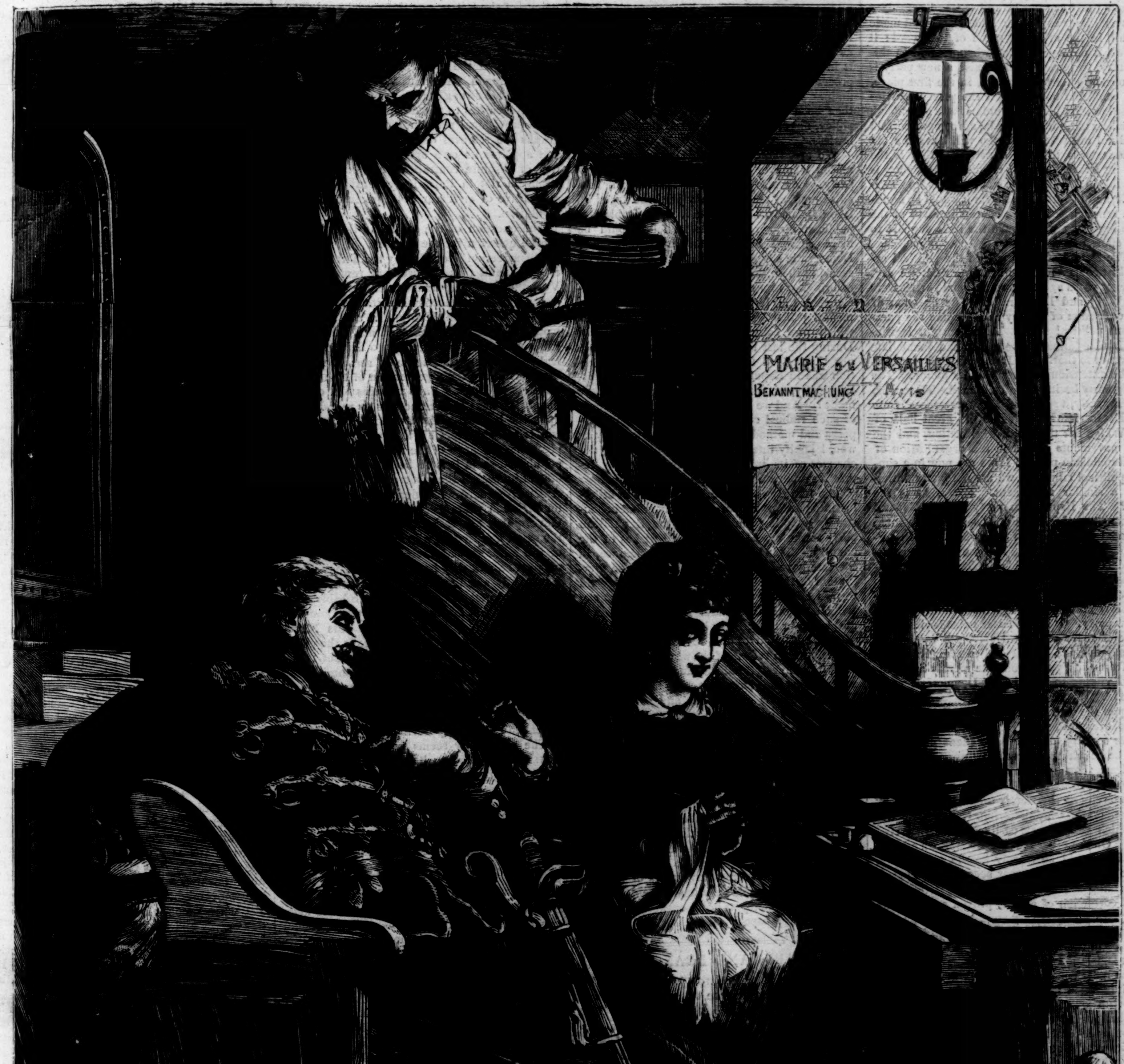

MAIRIE DE VERSAILLES
BEKANNTMACHUNG
AVIS

UNDER FIRE.—[See Page 315.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 8, 1871.

☞ *In this Number of the* Weekly *will be found the continuation of* Charles Reade's *powerful and absorbing story,*

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION,

commenced last week.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very interesting sketch of* "Hannah More," *with several illustrations, by* S. C. Hall; *another installment of* "Dogs and their Doings," *with striking illustrations; two picturesque sketches from* San Domingo; *and a great variety of interesting literary matter.*

THE PARTIES.

CERTAIN prominent Republicans in Cincinnati have made a declaration in which all honest Republicans will heartily agree, that "the continuance, usefulness, and success of the party depend upon properly meeting the questions of the present and immediate future." It is a timely suggestion, but it is by no means necessarily a declaration of secession and the formation of a new party, as has been claimed. A new party can not be enlisted and organized like a military company. Indeed, it is not made at all, in the arbitrary sense of that word: it grows, it develops. And when, as now in this country, two great parties exist, a new party is a hopeless enterprise unless, in the first place, the condition out of which the present parties arose has disappeared, or unless there are enough members of both parties who agree upon certain cardinal measures, and who will leave the old organizations to form a new. If that is the present situation in this country, a new party is possible. If it is not, a new party is impracticable, and the attempt to form it would be merely a renunciation of the contest in favor of the existing party which gave the least support to the effort.

The history of the origin of the political organizations of to-day illustrates what we say. Twenty years ago the two national parties were the Whig and Democratic. The question of the extension of slavery had become the paramount political issue. All important legislation and administrative policy had immediate reference to that. The Democratic party adopted the extension of slavery as its policy. The Whig party hesitated and trimmed. There was, consequently, a secession of "Free-soilers" from the Democratic party, while the great bulk of the Whigs left their old organization, and the two movements united in the organization of the Republican party. If we are now in a similar political situation, we may properly anticipate a similar movement. But what is the fact? The Republican party elected General Grant upon the issues of keeping the national financial faith, and of reconstruction upon certain defined principles. If those objects are secured beyond reasonable doubt, many Republicans will naturally inquire whether certain other measures will not be more probably secured by union with sympathetic Democrats in a new party. But this latter point is vital; because if there are not Democrats enough for the alliance, the withdrawal of such Republicans from their party would be merely a surrender of victory to the present Democratic party in 1872.

Upon the first point it can hardly be doubtful to every thoughtful citizen that the peace of the country, and its consequent prosperity, will be much more certainly assured by Republican than by Democratic control of the national government. And the reason is that the anarchy at the South would be favored by a Democratic administration, the consequence of which would very easily be a virtual civil war. On the other hand, a Republican administration would be sternly hostile to anarchy, while every close observer sees that the better and ruling sentiment of the party tends to a rapid correction of all the proved errors of its policy. Thus it is very sure, by a speedy amnesty, to remove the remaining political disabilities in the Southern States, while the Ku-Klux legislation will be very carefully and constitutionally considered. With a Democratic administration the motive would be to permit terrorism over loyal citizens, and the tacit encouragement of disaffected sentiment and action as favorable to the party. With a Republican administration the motive would be sympathy with the Union element, and justice and protection to all. Under the circumstances can it even be a question which administration good citizens should prefer? They will not, of course, require ideal excellence, but they will be governed in their votes by the evident probabilities of the situation.

But even if the Democratic party had acquiesced in reconstruction, and had declared—as it has not declared—that it would not attempt practically to annul what has been done, is there any chance that upon such questions as the reform of the civil service and of the revenue system there would be any considerable number of Democrats ready to leave their party and unite in a new organization? There is no chance whatever. The New York *World*, one of the most strenuous "Revenue Reformers," invites Republicans who sympathize in that movement to join the Democratic party. It tells them that it is the only practicable course. It certainly does not propose to leave its party and help form a new one. In Missouri the Revenue Reformers carried the State, and General Blair was elected to the Senate. Is that the kind of feast to which Republican Revenue Reformers propose to sit down? Are they so intent upon revenue reform that they would feel justified in voting for a Democratic Revenue Reformer against a Republican who is not? They can not form a new party upon that issue under existing circumstances. If they leave the Republican party upon that issue, they must encamp alone or join the Democrats.

Again, what hope is there that Civil Service Reform Democrats will "come out" into a new party to work for it? The present wretched abuse of the system is of Democratic origin, and the most elaborate speech against the reform was that of Mr. Woodward, a Democratic representative from Pennsylvania. The author of the first bill of reform was a Republican, Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, who also prepared the section which was finally adopted. The Republican President urged action, and he was seconded by a Republican Congress. Indeed, all the reform propositions have proceeded from Republicans, such as Senators Schurz, Trumbull, and Wilson. As for general amnesty, as we said, it is a foregone conclusion. But it is infinitely better that such a measure should proceed from the Republicans, and take effect under a Republican administration, for it would then be a measure of proved sound national policy, not of sympathy with the disaffected and lawless.

We are, therefore, unable to see any good reason whatever for the suggestion of a new party. Amnesty, civil service reform, and adjustment of the tariff, may justly be urged by Republicans within the party as desirable Republican measures; while no folly would be more criminal than to abandon the country to Democratic supremacy for the vague chance of securing them, but with the absolute certainty of bringing into the administration of the government the bitterest enemies of its fundamental principles, and the skillful corruption which now controls the State of New York. During the last ten years what sane man does not thank God that the national administration was in Republican hands, honestly admitting every mistake that the Republicans have made? And we ask for any evidence whatever of such radical changes in the spirit and purposes and methods of the Democratic party as would justify intelligent men in preferring the chances of its supremacy, even while they regret Republican misconceptions and errors.

The remedy of those errors lies not in bringing into power the Democratic party, but in constantly adapting the policy of the Republican party to the actual situation and wishes of the country. This has been done, for instance, in the steady reduction of taxation and the diminution of the debt; in the attitude wisely held toward affairs in Cuba; in the reopening of the British negotiations under the most favorable auspices; in the greater honesty and economy of the collection of the revenue; and in the provision for a reform of the whole civil service. General amnesty, indeed, and reform in the revenue system have not yet been carried. But the reasons are obvious and satisfactory, while the sentiment of the party rapidly ripens. Upon some points we must agree to differ, for the formation of a third party is impracticable. Meanwhile the main fact is evident. Those who wish the Democratic party to succeed in 1872 will vote for its candidates. Those who are willing that it should succeed will criticise Republican action in a sneering and hostile tone. Those who believe that the necessary perils of Democratic success are greater and more evident than any possible advantage will aim as friends to correct any errors of the Republican policy, while they heartily sustain Republican ascendency as indispensable to national peace and prosperity.

PARIS AND FRANCE.

M. Thiers passed a large part of his life in writing the history of the first French revolution, and he has himself seen two—that of 1830 and that of 1848. When, therefore, he was placed at the head of the present Provisional Government he did not recommend that its seat should be Paris. He preferred Versailles, because he undoubtedly expected the late insurrection at the capital. He knows that it is the misfortune of France to be perpetually thwarting its own hopes. The despotism from which for a moment it sometimes emerges is self-perpetuating. For, by keeping the people ignorant and unaccustomed to responsible political action, it teaches them to prefer order at any cost—order even at the price of liberty.

Indeed, the political history of a century in France is disheartening. The old Bourbon despotism became simply intolerable. But the people who were strong enough to destroy it had not the capacity to establish a better government; and, falling into the anarchy of the terror, naturally yielded to the despotism of Napoleon. That fell before the European coalition, which restored the Bourbons, virtually unchanged, as the conduct of Charles the Tenth showed. Paris rose and expelled him; but, mindful of the terror, it accepted the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe. That, in turn, was faithless, and the Parisian revolution of 1848 established the republic. The social revolt of the "June days" again threw the shadow of the terror over the country, and it acquiesced in the empire, which for eighteen years kept the peace of France at the expense of the political capacity of the nation. Its folly destroyed the empire; and the people of France—ignorant, angry, and without the habit of political patience and methods, torn by furious rivalries and inflamed by crude theories—must again attempt to establish a government.

This is the situation in France, and nothing is, therefore, more useless than vague denunciations of the mob. As in 1793, both in France and in Hayti, the anarchy may be bloody, and in the interest of civilization it must be repressed. But we need not forget that the responsibility lies with the previous tyranny. Bearing that fact steadily in mind, we may see more clearly what should be done. The present difficulty—at least such is the probability as we write—will be subdued. But the events of the last two or three weeks only confirm the lesson of the last century—that there can be no republic in France so long as Paris is the capital. The mob of that city can and will overawe the Government, and an army strong enough for security against the mob would be too strong for the safety of a republic. The mob rushes to the Assembly, drives it out, takes provisional possession of the offices, telegraphs the removal of the provincial prefects, and appoints its own agents. Under the system of absolute centralization which exists in France a riot in Paris leaves France only the alternative of civil war or acquiescence in the revolution.

The question of the capital is therefore the capital question for the country. If the present insurrection is quelled by the Thiers Government, and that Government removes from Versailles to Paris, its only defense will be the army which will accompany it. Should that army be withdrawn, Montmartre and Belleville would descend at any moment, and either capture the Government or put it to flight. Political stability and the sense of security, which are essential to the regeneration of France, are hopeless so long as Paris remains the capital, unless the next Government is to rest directly upon the bayonet. And, of course, as despotism is self-perpetuating, the present confusion postpones the hope of the republic. The rural population—and it is to be remarked that the official journal of the insurrection describes the Assembly as narrow-minded and "rural"—have for eighteen years been at peace. A strong Government has satisfied the small desires of the small proprietors, who are estimated at four or five millions, with their families. They ask only order, and they have had it. They therefore gladly sustained the empire, which gave them that and nothing else. Probably they would sustain it now. If France were honestly polled it would probably recall Louis Napoleon. The Assembly, indeed, calls the existing régime in France a republic. But it has no more right to do so than the Committee of Defense had. The elections showed a preponderance of monarchical sentiment, and Louis Blanc and Gambetta were afraid to appeal to the country during the war.

The probability seems now to be that the Thiers Government will hold until a Constituent Assembly decides for a constitutional monarchy, which will seat itself in Paris with an army. Such a government, wisely administered for a dozen years, would be of inestimable advantage to France.

A WORD TO CONGRESS.

The President, at the request of the Governor of South Carolina, who is unable to keep order in the State, has summoned the illegal combinations—known as the Ku-Klux—to disperse within twenty days; and he has also sent a message to Congress asking for such legislation as may effectually secure life, liberty, and property in all parts of the United States. We gather from the context that this request is designed not to supersede the local authorities, but to provide for those cases of which the United States has constitutional cognizance, such as offenses against mail-carriers and revenue collectors. The report of the committee which was appointed to consider the recommendations of the message will, of course, open debate upon the whole subject. We beg the Republicans in the House of Representatives to remember that this debate will make an issue of the most vital importance for the Presidential campaign. Any error would be disastrous; and as opinion in the party upon the subject is not unanimous, there must be the greatest care that the policy recommended can be justified at every point before the people.

If the Constitution empowers the United States to keep the internal peace of a State without the requisition of the State authorities, let it be done at all hazards. But let the constitutional provision which authorizes it be made plain. To the question whether the United States may not rightfully defend the lives of its citizens the reply is conclusive: "Yes, in the way its fundamental law provides." But if the reader of these lines in the State of Iowa is injured in his person or property when not officially acting for the United States, does he appeal to the State or to the national courts? Is he willing that the United States should decide just when the local authorities are unable to protect him? Indeed, does not the Constitution expressly forbid the national government to decide that question by providing that the State authorities shall call for assistance if they wish it? If those authorities are themselves lawless, and refuse to ask assistance of the nation, the United States have still the right and the power of protecting their own agents and functions, and defending them at all costs.

Meanwhile, also, the Government of the United States has the indisputable constitutional right of enforcing the Fifteenth Amendment. It has made large numbers of persons in the Southern States voters, and it is bound to protect their political rights to the last. But in doing this with the amplest force, let Congress consider the essential disadvantage of continuing any kind of proscription, and by a general amnesty remove forever the feeling of injustice which is the fruitful source of so much evil. By a declaration of amnesty, and by a vigorous and ample provision for the defense of rights which nobody questions the duty of the Government to defend, Congress will do what the best and most earnest Republicans desire—Republicans who can not but feel that there must yet be great disorder in parts of the Southern States, disorder which only time and moral influences can restrain, and who believe that the policy which we suggest would be conclusive evidence that the party does not repose upon its victories, but carries its old spirit of constitutional liberty into the new issues of the hour.

A LESSON OF THE DAY.

If the condition of France to-day seems to show that people prefer to be governed rather than to govern themselves, is the same truth not illustrated in this country? What else explains the indifference of so many intelligent men to politics? The New York capitalist, for instance, is not wholly unlike the peasant proprietor in France. He prefers to pay high taxes, and to submit to the rule of ignorant and corrupt politicians, rather than to take the trouble to keep taxes low, and secure the election of intelligent and honest men. The annoyance of ascertaining how to remedy an abuse leads to submission, until the abuse becomes intolerable; and if the abuser is wary he can readily avoid that. So the empire in New York rests upon the same supineness which sustained the late empire in France; and its power is confirmed not only by the sophistry of its paid advocates, but by the praise of honest men, who are willing to accept certain good details as a sufficient palliation, if not justification, of a bad system.

The argument for the French empire always was that it preserved order, it cleaned the streets, it beautified the cities; the taxes were high, but the results, upon the whole, were cheap at the price. The fatal reply was that which any system of corruption and demoralization always encounters, that the moral law is supreme, and that the prosperity is an illusion. It was so with slavery in this country, for which the same argument was urged. It was certainly so with the late empire in France. And it is no less so with the system by which the city and State of New York are now governed. An important bill has been lately pending in the Legislature. It gives absolute power over the taxes of the city of New York to four men, one only of whom is elected by the people. It was a law over which an honest and thoughtful legislator might well pause before he voted. Yet when one such was found his hesitation was openly and jestingly declared to be a mere holding out for a higher bribe; and when it was announced that he had yielded it was universally supposed that he had been bought. It is but an illustration of a condition which is well understood.

Now with a political system of corruption it is merely a question of time. The principle of the government will be strong enough to throw it off, or the government will be subverted. It is as with a disease in the human body. It is not stationary. There is a struggle, and the disease is expelled, or the patient dies. The criticism, therefore, which is to be made upon those who defend the system which is now supreme in the city is that they strengthen a system which must be fatal if it can not be overthrown. A government which proceeds by skillful and ruthless corruption, even if it should lower taxes and build stone piers and keep its books methodically, unless the laws of morality and human nature are changed, will inevitably cost more than any free community can pay, for it is cheaper to pay money than manhood.

Those, therefore, who, selecting certain apparent improvements in municipal administration, amplify them and challenge denial of them, are doing all that they can do to debauch public opinion and to postpone all hope of reform, by commending to general favor a system of corruption and total political immorality. The inevitable logic of such commendation is that the present system is a good system; that the legislators who establish it are fit legislators; that results justify methods; and that a government of ignorant, unscrupulous, shrewd men is a good government. The imperative duty of a free press, under such a government, is to remind the people constantly that, however agreeable in some of its details, the system is fatal. If the enemies of the principle of intelligent popular government always appeared as unmitigated rascals—if they did nothing to deceive the unwary, and to conceal their spirit and purpose—they would have no success whatever. It is because of the sagacity with which they conceal their system that the sure evils and perils of the system should be steadily exposed.

MORALITY AND LAW.

Mr. Field having delayed to make the further reply which he announced, General Barlow, in another letter to the *Tribune*, has shown the evasions and misrepresentations of Mr. Field's first letter so plainly that an answer is apparently impossible. At the close of his letter General Barlow states that he shall take care that the conduct of Mr. Field is investigated by a competent tribunal, by which we understand him to mean the Bar Association. And we repeat what we said at first—that no society of honorable lawyers can permit such charges to be made with the widest publicity by one of their members against another without the strictest investigation. If General Barlow has made such scathing charges against a fellow-member without sufficient justification, his professional brethren should peremptorily deal with him. If his charges are morally established, it is very clear what those brethren should do with Mr. Field. In response to this rejoinder Mr. Field also demands the investigation before the Bar Association, reserving to himself the right of such further action as he may choose.

In his rejoinder General Barlow follows into detail the explanations of Mr. Field in his first letter, and with the most terrible scrutiny, showing meanwhile that to the great mass and weight of the charges Mr. Field attempts no reply whatever. For instance, General Barlow in one of his letters quoted Mr. Field's publicly expressed opinion of Judge Barnard—an opinion which was the worst that could be expressed of a Judge—and then charged that Mr. Field had contrived that the Erie suits should be brought before this Judge, and even forced a case to trial before him in which Mr. Field knew him to be prejudiced against one of the parties. To this most damaging and, if true, conclusive charge the only satisfactory reply, of course, would be a denial by Mr. Field that he had expressed such an opinion of the Judge, or that he knew him to be prejudiced, or that he had, with such opinions and knowledge, forced an adversary to trial before him. No casuistry would avail: a simple and peremptory denial of every part of the charge is imperative to Mr. Field's position. But he is utterly silent. He offers no explanation whatever.

So in regard to the voting by the receiver upon the Groesbeck stock, Mr. Field in defending the action quotes the injunction. But General Barlow shows that in quoting Mr. Field changes a word in the document, so as to make it appear that, in order to comply with the injunction, it was necessary to do the very thing that the injunction was designed to prevent! And General Barlow also shows that when Mr. Field in his argument urged the same explanation that he urges in his letter, Judge Smith disposed of the plea by stating that, by the voting of the receiver, which Mr. Field claims to have been required by the injunction, the injunction "was immediately disregarded and disobeyed in letter and spirit." Indeed the unfavorable impression produced by the reply of Mr. Field is so confirmed by this rejoinder of General Barlow that we do not see how Mr. Field can escape but by denying the accuracy of official records and by impeaching the veracity of the most honorable men.

Nor will any reader forget the essential point of the charge. It is that an eminent lawyer has sought to protect with the forms of law purposes which were not those of honesty and justice—purposes which, with the rest of the world, he fully understood; and that in doing this he has been guilty of the highest professional misconduct. If the question is asked why General Barlow should expose it, the reply is that it was one of the chief incidents in a series of events which is rapidly ruining the reputation of the bench and bar of New York, and is already making it the scorn and derision of the country. It is, therefore, the duty of every honorable lawyer to do what he can to retrieve the fame of his profession. For that purpose, indeed, the Bar Association was formed. But what is every body's business is nobody's; and it will, therefore, never be done unless some public-spirited and courageous man undertakes it. That is what General Barlow has now done, and how conclusively we presume there are not two opinions. And if any body should further ask to what good end, again the answer is evident. It shows the young lawyer who sees all around him ill-gotten fortunes, and who is constantly exposed to the temptation of selling for money his knowledge and his talent to promote mean and dishonest purposes, that if the suspicion of misconduct falls upon the ablest, most eminent, and most prosperous lawyer, he is not safe from the most conspicuous and the most relentless exposure so long as a lofty sense of public duty and of professional honor survives in a single heart.

Such an exposure has now been made in the case of Mr. Field. He has denied the truth of some parts of the charges; but the substance even of what he denies has been apparently established. The appeal is now taken to the Bar Association, and it will be our duty to let our readers know the result.

NOTES.

The statement which we denied upon adequate authority when it appeared in a letter from Washington to the *Independent*, that Russian influence alone prevented the British recognition of the Southern Confederacy during the war, has been denied by Lord Granville in the House of Lords. He declared that "as a member of the Palmerston and the Russell cabinets he could say that a proposition to recognize the South was never even entertained." This prompt and conclusive disposition of the story will suggest to every sensible American the wisdom of disregarding such reports. They are intended only to alienate the feeling of the two countries, and to perplex the Commissioners in their great work. Nothing is easier than to invent every kind of injurious tale, and the only reason for taking the trouble to deny this one was that it was apparently told by Vice-President Colfax, upon the authority of the Russian minister, and that it is ascribed in the dispatch from London to the Prussian minister in Washington.

Senator Thurman, of Ohio, said in the recent debate in the Senate that the proposed Ku-Klux inquiry was for the mere purposes of the Radical party, and nothing else. So the orators of his party used to say that all the talk about slavery was merely for Black Republican party purposes. Senator Thurman is called a statesman by some of the Democratic papers. But this kind of twaddle is only worthy the poorest politicians. Or is it really impossible for a man who calls himself a Democrat to understand that there may be humanity and honor in politics? Thousands and thousands of the most loyal citizens of the United States are harried, hunted, and murdered by the late rebels and their partisans in certain States, and the Democratic leaders and press can find no better business than opposing every proposition for relief, and denying that the crimes are so general as reported. If the Republican urgency for the protection of the lives and property of innocent citizens is political, does Senator Thurman suppose that his opposition to it is believed to be any less political?

Earl De Grey and Ripon, the head of the English Commission, who has been always a most faithful friend of this country, is a direct descendant, through the female line, of Oliver Cromwell. Frances Cromwell, the Protector's daughter, married for a second husband Sir John Russell, of Chequers. Their daughter, Elizabeth Russell, married Sir Thomas Frankland. Their daughter, Mary Frankland, married Thomas Wortley, of Hovingham. Their daughter married the first Lord Grantham. His son, the second Lord, was father of Thomas Philip, Earl De Grey; and of Frederick John, first Earl of Ripon. Earl De Grey dying without male issue, his nephew, the son of the Earl of Ripon, unites, as Earl De Grey and Ripon, both titles, and is in the seventh line of direct descent from Oliver Cromwell.

The first number of the New York *Republican*, edited by Colonel A. J. H. Duganne, has been published. It is a broad-columned, handsome paper, and declares itself to be devoted to "Literature, Politics, and Facts." It will be a faithful and, we have no doubt, honorable and reasonable supporter of the Administration.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. De Fonvielle, an eminent meteorologist, endeavors to show the reason why an increased atmospheric pressure generally accompanies fair weather, and a diminished pressure wet. According to his theory, the dry winds come from the north or northwest, and hence, traveling from a cold region, the air has a tendency to descend, and, therefore, to increase the pressure of the atmosphere, as shown by the rising of the barometer. On the other hand, the winds laden with moisture usually come from the south or southwest, consequently causing a diminished pressure, and a fall of the barometer.

The *Academy*, in summing up the result of the observations during the recent eclipse, remarks that, with a good deal of contradictory testimony, there seems to be a general agreement as to the existence of a shell around the sun, having an angular depth of from five to seven minutes, including what has hitherto been known as the chromosphere; and that the spectroscope observations indicated that this shell consisted not only of incandescent vapors of several elements, especially of incandescent hydrogen, but also that in the part remote from the sun the hydrogen had a much lower temperature. Also that there is some gas or vapor, which must be inferred to be of small density, perhaps even less than that of hydrogen, and which shows itself by the projection of one or more green lines in the spectrum. The agreement between one of these green lines and a line which has been observed in the light of the aurora, suggests the existence of this gas in the higher regions of our own atmosphere. The observations of the polariscope are stated to have failed to give any definite information; and the question as to the objective existence of the corona, and whether it be self-luminous or merely shining by light reflected from the main body of the sun, is practically where it stood before the observation of the eclipse.

The British authorities are at present on the alert to seize in the fish markets all the salmon which are technically known as unclean and unseasonable; and Mr. Buckland, with his usual foresight, is making use of the opportunity to prosecute investigations upon the character of these fish. He reports that from one fish, weighing 20 pounds, 3½ pounds of eggs were taken, numbering about 19,000; and that, in addition to the mature eggs referred to, there was distinctly visible the crop of eggs destined for a future spawning season, these being about the size of millet seeds. He found that in none of the fish having ripe spawn, or milt, was there any fat in the pyloric appendages, which confirmed the conclusion to which he had previously arrived that the object of the fat upon these appendages was to aid in making the milt and the roe. The total number of fish seized as coming under the official ban amounted, at the date of Mr. Buckland's last communication, February 16, to 302, weighing 3856 pounds, and containing 200,000 eggs.

However disastrous may have been the effect of the bombardment of Strasburg upon the magnificent library of that city, we are happy to learn that the Natural History Museum escaped almost entirely uninjured, the amount of damage being simply the destruction of a small collection of fossils and a few birds. The glass in nearly all the cases was, however, broken by the concussion.

A tigress lately killed in India is said to have destroyed 140 people in seven years. In consequence of her ravages many families had left the region traversed by the beast, and a wide extent of country had been abandoned.

The question of the use of fish pounds is becoming one of great moment on the lakes as well as the sea-coast, and bids fair to involve much acrimonious controversy. A convention of fishermen, interested in this subject, was held not long since at Monroe, Michigan, where the matter was discussed in all its bearings. It was there stated that a capital of $250,000 was invested at present in the fisheries at the western end of Lake Erie, and that certain anticipated legislation looking toward the prohibition of pounds would be impolitic and unjust, and that all proper measures should be taken to prevent the passage of the acts in question. It is said that Wisconsin has passed a law prohibiting the use of pounds on her shores, and that Illinois is about following suit. These measures, it is suggested, will be contested by parties, on the ground that the States have no right to pass enactments having reference to the waters properly controlled by the United States, and that the authorities at Washington alone are competent to take action in the matter.

The subscribers to the lively and interesting scientific Paris weekly, *Les Mondes*, will be glad to learn that its publication was to be resumed on the 1st of March, after the interruption caused by the war. The learned editor, the Abbé Moigno, for a time conducted the rival journal, *Cosmos*, subsequently taken charge of by the Messrs. Meunier, but left it to found the journal just referred to.

According to M. Buckland, the English salmon fishery of 1870 is to be considered as highly satisfactory, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstance of a dry summer, which hindered the passage of the fish up the rivers during a large part of the open season. The precise statistics of the year have not been published in sufficient detail to give a general summary; but it is stated by the Severn Board of Commissioners that the total number of salmon taken from the waters under their charge in 1870 was 22,500, weighing 116 tons, which, at the average of one shilling a pound, would represent a commercial value of £13,000. The salmon fishery for the year previous yielded only 11,200 fish, which was, however, an increase on the take of the year before. Thus the produce of the Severn salmon fishery appears to be steadily increasing, and is a gratifying expression of the sound principles upon which the methods adopted for the protection and preservation of these fish are based.

Much interest was excited in Bogota by the arrival there of a delegation of certain chiefs of the Tulé tribes of Indians of the Isthmus of Darien, for the purpose of presenting complaints to the Federal authorities respecting impositions exercised to their prejudice by various foreign vessels touching at their ports, as obliging them, under threats of violence, to sell their productions at prices fixed by the buyers, collecting the vegetable growths of their forests without the consent of the owners, maltreating their families, etc. Among the parties referred to by the Indians were various members of the United States surveying expeditions. These people, it is said, are well advanced in the arts of civilization, possessing very comfortable residences, and raising a considerable variety of vegetable productions. Their capital is called Tituo, and their country is situated between the river Arquia on the east, and the Gulf of San Blas on the west, extending over about 172 miles on the coast. The total population is estimated at 7200, occupying about 1200 houses, arranged in 36 villages.

For some years Dr. Burmeister, an eminent German naturalist and physicist, from Halle, has resided in Buenos Ayres, in charge of the National Museum in that city, and by his investigations and publications concerning specimens belonging to the museum has given to it a great reputation. Quite recently, we understand, a murderous attack was made upon him by one of his servants, which was happily frustrated, but the newspaper comments upon the transaction developed the existence of so much animosity or jealousy toward foreigners on the part of the people that the doctor has finally determined to resign his position, and return to Germany. Dr. Sarmiento, the President of the Republic, it is said, has endeavored to change this determination, but apparently without effect. In parting with Dr. Burmeister Buenos Ayres will lose one who has given to the country that position in science through his writings that Dr. Sarmiento has in literature, and his loss will not be easily made good. It is an interesting fact that the national museums of both Chili and the Argentine Republic are presided over by German naturalists, the former being Dr. R. L. Phillippi, well known in the scientific community.

The States of Maryland and Virginia are at present at loggerheads as to which of them shall control the fishing of the Potomac River, which separates them, each having enacted laws on this subject, and being now engaged in an endeavor to enforce them. Several petitions have lately been presented to Congress requesting its interference by assuming the jurisdiction, which the petitioners consider properly the right of the United States to exercise, and to establish such regulations as may result in a final settlement of the whole question. In connection with this subject we may remark that a bill is now pending in the Legislature of Virginia providing for the appointment of two persons as Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries, to investigate the methods adopted in other States and abroad for the artificial naturalization of fish, and of replenishing the streams of the State with the best varieties adapted to the purpose. Maryland, we believe, has already made a similar provision; so that now all the New England and Middle States (with, perhaps, the exception of Delaware), together with Maryland and Virginia, have appointed commissioners to take charge of this important branch of domestic economy. We have already referred to the appointment by the United States of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries; so that by the co-operation of these gentlemen we trust that some definite system of action may be determined upon and presented to their respective constituencies for adoption.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 20.—In the Senate, much time was consumed in debating the resolution to limit the business of the present session to legislation on Southern outrages. No action was taken. Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, took the oath and his seat.—The House passed a substitute for the Senate resolution for a joint committee of investigation, authorizing a committee of seven Senators and fourteen Representatives, with full powers, and the privilege of reporting any time during the next or subsequent sessions of Congress.

March 21.—The session of the Senate was mainly occupied with a discussion of the measures to repress Southern outrages. Mr. Ames said that 800 Republicans had been murdered in Louisiana within the last sixty days, and Mr. Nye produced a carefully prepared statement which showed that 50,000 murders had been committed in the South since the war.—In the House nothing was done.

March 22.—The resolution to appoint a joint committee of investigation into Southern disorders was adopted by the Senate after a very warm debate.—The three new members of the House from New Hampshire (Democratic) were sworn in.

March 23.—A message was received by the Senate from the President in relation to the Ku-Klux outrages in the South. Mr. Sumner attempted to introduce resolutions condemning the course of the administration in regard to San Domingo.—The House adopted a resolution to adjourn on the 27th of March, the Senate consenting.

March 24.—House not in session.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner attempted to offer an additional San Domingo resolution, censuring Baez for his action. The resolutions were all finally placed on the calendar for March 27, at which time Mr. Sumner announced his intention of speaking on the subject.

March 25.—House not in session.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution asking for all the particulars of the expense of supporting naval vessels near San Domingo. Objected to, and laid over. The Deficiency Appropriation bill was further amended, and passed.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The steamship *Tennessee*, with the San Domingo Commissioners on board, arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, March 26. The Commissioners set out for Washington at once.

The trial of Governor Holden, of North Carolina, closed March 22. The Senate voted him "guilty" on six of the eight articles of impeachment, and adopted an order removing him from office, and disqualifying him from holding any office of honor or profit in the State, by 36 to 13. There were just 36 Democratic and 13 Republican Senators present.

President Grant has issued a proclamation warning the organized bands in South Carolina who are disturbing the peace and endangering the lives of citizens to disperse within twenty days. This was done in compliance with the request of Governor Scott.

A "Vigilance Committee" in Nevada is clearing infested neighborhoods of thieves and murderers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

After holding possession of a large portion of Paris for about a week, the insurgents have resigned their power into the hands of the new municipal authorities elected on Sunday, March 27, disbanded, and dispersed to their homes, leaving the city in possession of the lawful government. This happy and unexpected event will probably secure M. Thiers a long lease of power, which, if peaceful and wise, may result in the permanent establishment of the republic.

Many scenes of disorder and bloodshed occurred in Paris during the ascendency of the insurgents; and at one time it was feared the movement might spread to other cities, and involve the whole country in civil war. The surrender of the Paris insurgents puts an end to this apprehension. Order has been restored at Lyons and Marseilles, and the Versailles government have issued a proclamation assuring the prefects that order will be restored and the republic preserved.

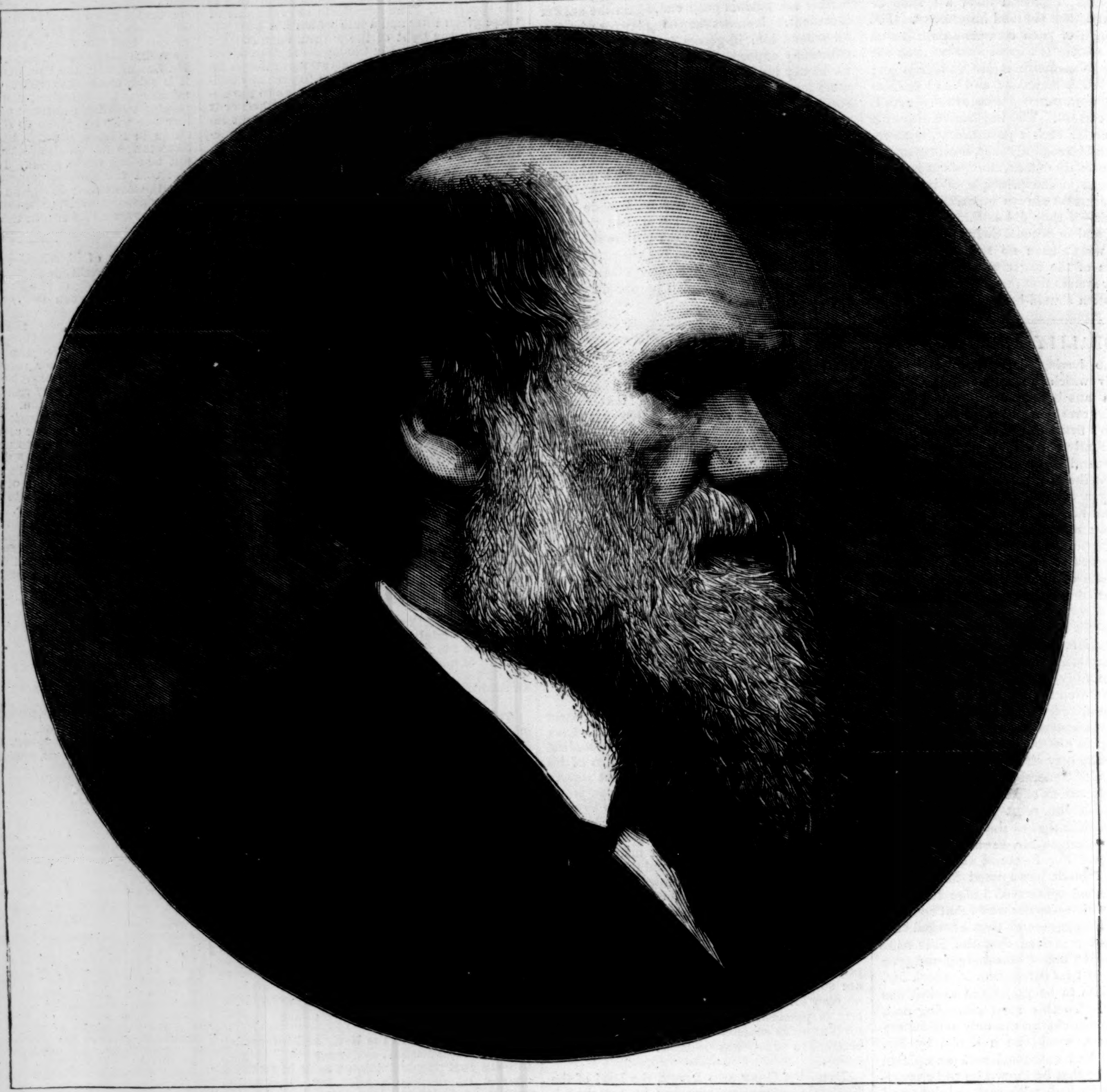
The German Parliament was opened March 21 by the Emperor in person, whose speech was delivered from the marble throne of Charlemagne, brought from Aix-la-Chapelle for that purpose. The Emperor was seventy-four years old on the 22d of March.

Count von Bismarck has been made a prince of the German Empire, and Moltke has received the decoration of the Order of the Iron Cross.

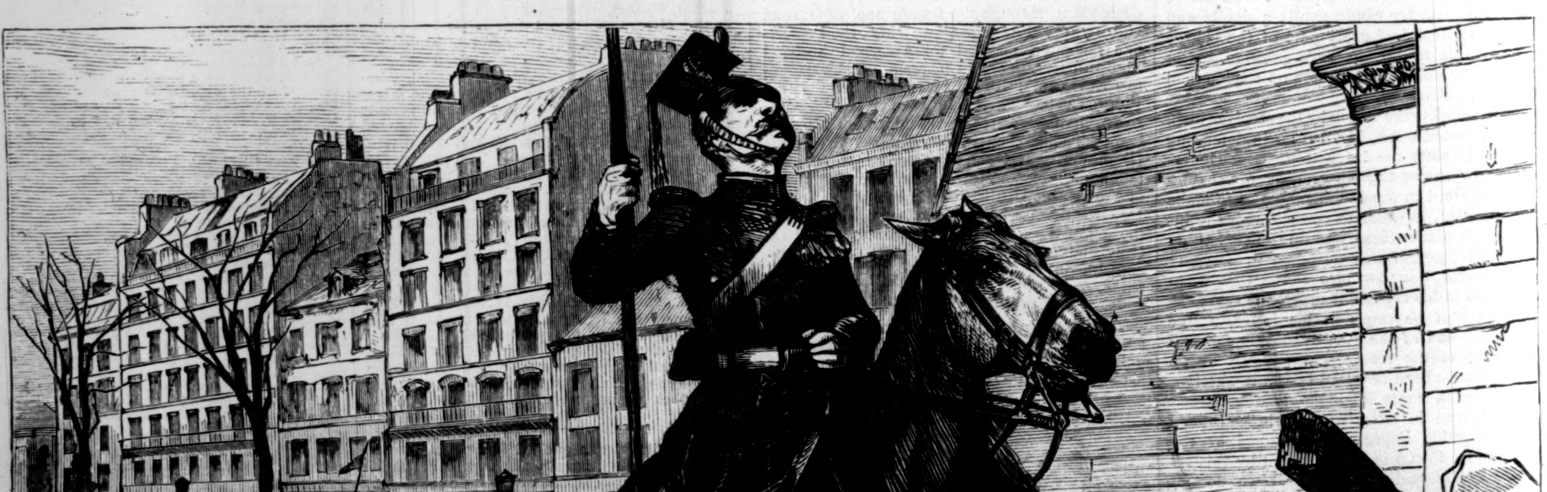
The representatives of Spain, Italy, and Hungary have presented the congratulations of their sovereigns to the Emperor William on the restoration of the German Empire.

The marriage of the Princess Louise of England with the Marquis of Lorne took place March 21.

The Pope has declined to accept the guarantees offered him by the Italian government. The Italian Deputies have voted that the Papal guarantees are not subject to international negotiation.



Mr. C. R. DARWIN, AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES."—[See Page 310.]

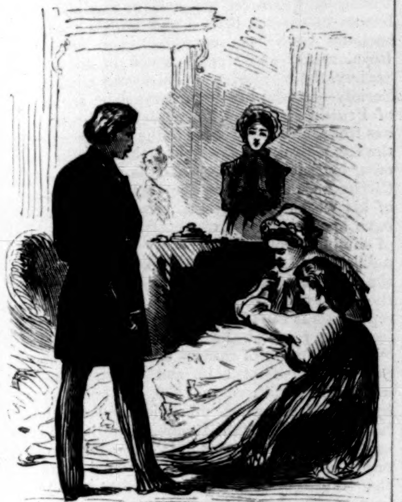


UHLAN AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.—[See Page 315.]

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.



"GIVE HER ME, SIR."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

RICHARD BASSETT eagerly offered his services to break off the obnoxious match. But Miss Somerset was beginning to be mortified at having shown so much passion before a stranger.

"What have you to do with it?" said she, sharply.

"Every thing. I love Miss Bruce."

"Oh yes; I forgot that. Any thing else? There is, now. I see it in your eye. What is it?"

"Sir Charles's estates are mine by right, and they will return to my line if he does not marry and have issue."

"Oh, I see. That is so like a man. It's always love, and something more important, with you. Well, give me your address. I'll write if I want you."

"Highly flattered," said Bassett, ironically—wrote his address, and left her.

Miss Somerset then sat down and wrote:

"DEAR SIR CHARLES,—*please call here, I want to speak to you. yours respecfuly,*
"RHODA SOMERSET."

Sir Charles obeyed this missive, and the lady received him with a gracious and smiling manner, all put on and cat-like. She talked with him of indifferent things for more than an hour, still watching to see if he would tell her of his own accord.

When she was quite sure he would not, she said,

"Do you know there's a ridiculous report about that you are going to be married?"

"Indeed!"

"They even tell her name—Miss Bruce. Do you know the girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"Modest?"

"As an angel."

"And are you going to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Then you are a villain."

"The deuce I am!"

"You are, to abandon a woman who has sacrificed all for you."

Sir Charles looked puzzled, and then smiled; but was too polite to give his thoughts vent. Nor was it necessary; Miss Somerset, whose brave eyes never left the person she was speaking to, fired up at the smile alone, and she burst into a torrent of remonstrance, not to say vituperation. Sir Charles endeavored once or twice to stop it, but it was not to be stopped; so at last he quietly took up his hat to go.

He was arrested at the door by a rustle and a fall. He turned round, and there was Miss Somerset lying on her back, grinding her white teeth and clutching the air.

He ran to the bell, and rang it violently, then knelt down and did his best to keep her from hurting herself; but, as generally happens in these cases, his interference made her more violent. He had hard work to keep her from battering her head against the floor, and her arms worked like windmills.

Hearing the bell tugged so violently, a pretty page ran headlong into the room—saw—and, without an instant's diminution of speed, described a curve, and ran headlong out, screaming, "Polly! Polly!"

The next moment the housekeeper, an elderly woman, trotted in at the door, saw her mistress's condition, and stood stock-still, calling, "Polly," but with the most perfect tranquillity the mind can conceive.

In ran a strapping house-maid, with black eyes and brown arms, went down on her knees, and said, firmly though respectfully, "Give her me, Sir."

She got behind her struggling mistress, pulled her up into her own lap, and pinned her by the wrists with a vigorous grasp.

The lady struggled, and ground her teeth audibly, and flung her arms abroad. The maid applied all her rustic strength and harder muscle to hold her within bounds. The four arms went to and fro in a magnificent struggle, and neither could the maid hold the mistress still, nor the mistress shake off the maid's grasp, nor strike any thing to hurt herself.

Sir Charles, thrust out of the play, looked on with pity and anxiety, and the little page at the door—combining art and nature—stuck stock-still in a military attitude, and blubbered aloud.

As for the housekeeper, she remained in the middle of the room with folded arms, and looked down on the struggle with a singular expression of countenance. There was no agitation whatever, but a sort of thoughtful examination, half cynical, half admiring.

However, as soon as the boy's sobs reached her ear she wakened up, and said, tenderly, "What is the child crying for? Run and get a basin of water, and fling it all over her; that will bring her to in a minute."

The page departed swiftly on this benevolent errand.

Then the lady gave a deep sigh, and ceased to struggle.

Next she stared in all their faces, and seemed to return to consciousness.

Next she spoke, but very feebly. "Help me up," she sighed.

Sir Charles and Polly raised her, and now there was a marvelous change. The vigorous vixen was utterly weak, and limp as a wet towel—a woman of jelly. As such they handled her, and deposited her gingerly on the sofa.

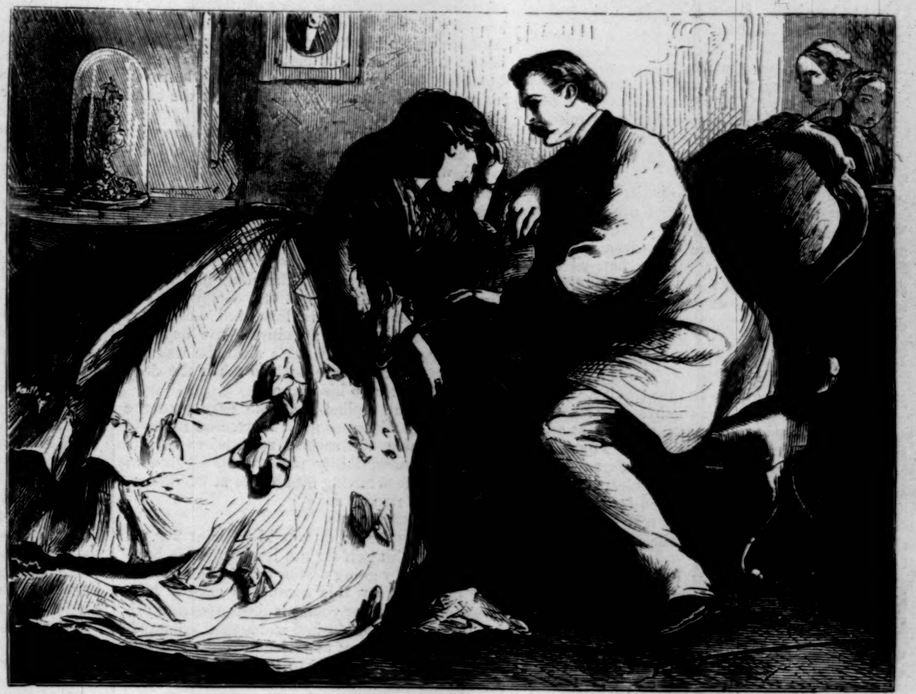
Now the page ran in hastily with the water. Up jumps the poor lax sufferer, with flashing eyes: "You dare to come near me with it!" Then to the female servants: "Call yourselves women, and water my lilac silk, not two hours old?" Then to the housekeeper: "You old monster, you wanted it for your Polly. Get out of my sight, *the lot!*"

Then, suddenly remembering how feeble she was, she sank instantly down, and turned piteously and languidly to Sir Charles. "They eat my bread, and rob me, and hate me," said she, faintly. "I have but one friend on earth." She leaned tenderly toward Sir Charles as that friend; but before she quite reached him she started back, her eyes filled with sudden horror. "And he forsakes me!" she cried; and so turned away from him despairingly, and began to cry bitterly, with head averted over the sofa, and one hand hanging by her side for Sir Charles to take and comfort her. He tried to take it. It resisted; and, under cover of that little disturbance, the other hand dextrously whipped two pins out of her hair. The long brown tresses—all her own—fell over her eyes and down to her waist, and the picture of distressed beauty was complete.

Even so did the women of antiquity conquer male pity—"*solutis crinibus.*"

The females interchanged a meaning glance, and retired; the boy followed them with his basin, sore perplexed, but learning life in this admirable school.

Sir Charles then, with the utmost kindness, endeavored to reconcile the weeping and disheveled fair to that separation which circumstances rendered necessary. But she was inconsolable, and he left the house, perplexed and grieved; not but what it gratified his vanity a little to find himself beloved all in a moment, and the Somerset unvixened. He could not help thinking how wide must be the circle of his charms, which had won the affections of two beautiful women so opposite in character as Bella Bruce and La Somerset.



"SHE WAS INCONSOLABLE."

The passion of this latter seemed to grow. She wrote to him every day, and begged him to call on her.

She called on him—she who had never called on a man before.

She raged with jealousy; she melted with grief. She played on him with all a woman's artillery; and at last actually wrung from him what she called a reprieve.

Richard Bassett called on her, but she would not receive him; so then he wrote to her, urging co-operation, and she replied, frankly, that she took no interest in his affairs; but that she was devoted to Sir Charles, and should keep him for herself. Vanity tempted her to add that he (Sir Charles) was with her every day, and the wedding postponed.

This last seemed too good to be true, so Richard Bassett set his servant to talk to the servants in Portman Square. He learned that the wedding was now to be on the 15th of June, instead of the 31st of May.

Convinced that this postponement was only a blind, and that the marriage would never be, he breathed more freely at the news.

But the fact is, although Sir Charles had yielded so far to dread of scandal, he was ashamed of himself, and his shame became remorse when he detected a furtive tear in the dove-like eyes of her he really loved and esteemed.

He went and told his trouble to Mr. Oldfield. "I am afraid she will do something desperate," he said.

Mr. Oldfield heard him out, and then asked him had he told Miss Somerset what he was going to settle on her.

"Not I. She is not in a condition to be influenced by that, at present."

"Let me try her. The draft is ready. I'll call on her to-morrow."

He did call, and was told she did not know him.

"You tell her I'm a lawyer, and it is very much to her interest to see me," said Mr. Oldfield to the page.

He was admitted, but not to a *tête-à-tête*. Polly was kept in the room. The Somerset had peeped, and Oldfield was an old fellow, with white hair; if he had been a young fellow, with black hair, she might have thought that precaution less necessary.

"First, madam," said Oldfield, "I must beg you to accept my apologies for not coming sooner. Press of business, etc."

"Why have you come at all? That is the question," inquired the lady, bluntly.

"I bring the draft of a deed for your approval. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes; if it's not very long."

He began to read it.

The lady interrupted him characteristically.

"It's a beastly rigmarole. What does it mean—in three words?"

"Sir Charles Bassett secures to Rhoda Somerset four hundred pounds a year, while single; this is reduced to two hundred if you marry. The deed further assigns to you, without reserve, the beneficial lease of this house, and all the furniture and effects, plate, linen, wine, etc."

"I see—a bribe."

"Nothing of the kind, madam. When Sir Charles instructed me to prepare this deed he expected no opposition on your part to his marriage; but he thought it due to him and to yourself to mark his esteem for you, and his recollection of the pleasant hours he has spent in your company."

Miss Somerset's eyes searched the lawyer's face. He stood the battery unflinchingly. She altered her tone, and asked, politely and almost respectfully, whether she might see that paper.

Mr. Oldfield gave it her. She took it, and ran her eye over it; in doing which, she raised it so that she could think behind it unobserved. She handed it back at last, with the remark that Sir Charles was a gentleman, and had done the right thing.

"He has; and you will do the right thing too, will you not?"

"I don't know. I am just beginning to fall in love with him myself."

"Jealousy, madam, not love," said the old lawyer. "Come, now! I see you are a young lady of rare good sense; look the thing in the face: Sir Charles is a landed gentleman; he must marry, and have heirs. He is over thirty, and his time has come. He has shown himself your friend; why not be his? He has given you the means to marry a gentleman of moderate income, or to marry beneath you, if you prefer it—"

"And most of us do—"

"Then why not make his path smooth? Why distress him with your tears and remonstrances?"

He continued in this strain for some time, appealing to her good sense and her better feelings.

When he had done she said, very quietly, "How about the ponies and my brown mare? Are they down in the deed?"

"I think not; but if you will do your part handsomely I'll guarantee you shall have them."

"You are a good soul." Then, after a pause, "Now just you tell me exactly what you want me to do for all this."

Oldfield was pleased with this question. He said, "I wish you to abstain from writing to Sir Charles, and him to visit you only once more before his marriage, just to shake hands and part, with mutual friendship and good wishes."

"You are right," said she, softly; "best for us both, and only fair to the girl." Then, with sudden and eager curiosity, "Is she very pretty?"

"I don't know."

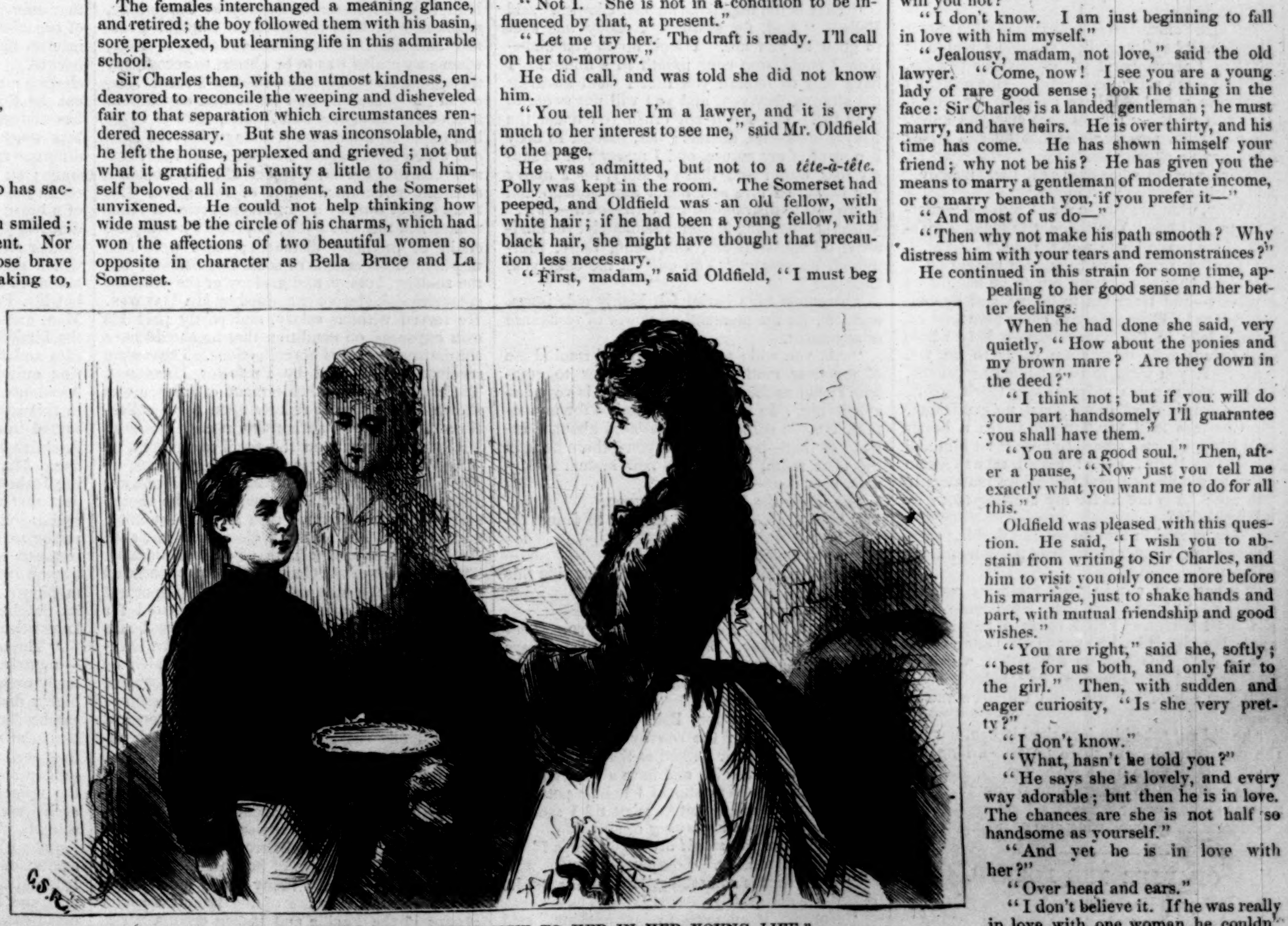
"What, hasn't he told you?"

"He says she is lovely, and every way adorable; but then he is in love. The chances are she is not half so handsome as yourself."

"And yet he is in love with her?"

"Over head and ears."

"I don't believe it. If he was really in love with one woman he couldn'



"SHE OPENED IT; IT WAS A THING NEW TO HER IN HER YOUNG LIFE."

be just to another. *I* couldn't. He'll be coming back to me in a few months."

"God forbid!"

"Thank you, old gentleman."

Mr. Oldfield began to stammer excuses. She interrupted him: "Oh, bother all that; I like you none the worse for speaking your mind." Then, after a pause, "Now excuse me; but suppose Sir Charles should change his mind, and never sign this paper?"

"I pledge my professional credit."

"That is enough, Sir; I see I can trust you. Well, then, I consent to break off with Sir Charles, and only see him once more—as a friend. Poor Sir Charles! I hope he will be happy" (she squeezed out a tear for him)—"happier than I am. And when he does come he can sign the deed, you know."

Mr. Oldfield left her, and joined Sir Charles at Long's, as had been previously agreed.

"It is all right, Sir Charles; she is a sensible girl, and will give you no farther trouble."

"How did you get over the hysterics?"

"We dispensed with them. She saw at once it was to be business, not sentiment. You are to pay her one more visit, to sign, and part friends. If you please, I'll make that appointment with both parties, as soon as the deed is engrossed. Oh, by-the-bye, she did shed a tear or two, but she dried them to ask me for the ponies and the brown mare."

Sir Charles's vanity was mortified. But he laughed it off, and said she should have them, of course.

So now his mind was at ease, his conscience was at rest, and he could give his whole time where he had given his heart.

Richard Bassett learned, through his servant, that the wedding-dresses were ordered. He called on Miss Somerset. She was out.

Polly opened the door, and gave him a look of admiration—due to his fresh color—that encouraged him to try and enlist her in his service.

He questioned her, and she told him in a general way how matters were going. "But," said she, "why not come and talk to her yourself? Ten to one but she tells you. She is pretty outspoken."

"My pretty dear," said Richard, "she never will receive me."

"Oh, but I'll make her!" said Polly.

And she did exert her influence as follows:

"Lookee here, the cousin's a-coming to-morrow, and I've been and promised he should see you."

"What did you do that for?"

"Why, he's a well-looking chap, and a beautiful color, fresh from the country, like me. And he's a gentleman, and got an estate belike; and why not put yourn to hisn, and so marry him and be a lady? You might have me about ye all the same, till my turn comes."

"No, no," said Rhoda; "that's not the man for me. If ever I marry, it must be one of my own sort, or else a fool, like Marsh, that I can make a slave of."

"Well, any way, you must see him, not to make a fool of *me*, for I did promise him; which, now I think on't, 'twas very good of me, for I could find in my heart to ast him down into the kitchen, instead of bringing him up stairs to you."

All this ended, somehow, in Mr. Bassett's being admitted.

To his anxious inquiry how matters stood, she replied coolly that Sir Charles and herself were parted by mutual consent.

"What! after all your protestations?" said Bassett, bitterly.

But Miss Somerset was not in an irascible humor just then. She shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Yes, I remember I put myself in a passion, and said some ridiculous things. But one can't be always a fool. I have come to my senses. This sort of thing always does end, you know. Most of them part enemies, but he and I part friends and well-wishers."

"And you throw *me* over as if I was nobody," said Richard, white with anger.

"Why, what are you to me?" said the Somerset. "Oh, I see. You thought to make a cat's-paw of me. Well, you won't, then."

"In other words, you have been bought off."

"No, I have not. I am not to be bought by any body—and I am not to be insulted by you, you ruffian! How dare you come here and affront a lady in her own house—a lady whose shoe-strings your betters are ready to tie, you brute? If you want to be a landed proprietor, go and marry some ugly old hag that's got it, and no eye-sight left to see you're no gentleman. Sir Charles's land you'll never have; a better man has got it, and means to keep it for him and his. Here, Polly! Polly! Polly! take this man down to the kitchen, and teach him manners if you can: he is not fit for my drawing-room, by a long chalk."

Polly arrived in time to see the flashing eyes, the swelling veins, and to hear the fair orator's peroration.

"What, you are in your tantrums again!" said she. "Come along, Sir. Needs must when the devil drives. You'll break a blood-vessel some day, my lady, like your father afore ye."

And with this homely suggestion, which always sobered Miss Somerset, and, indeed, frightened her out of her wits, she withdrew the offender.

She did not take him into the kitchen, but into the dining-room, and there he had a long talk with her, and gave her a sovereign.

She promised to inform him if any thing important should occur.

He went away, pondering and scowling deeply.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Sir Charles Bassett was now living in Elysium. Never was rake more thoroughly transformed. Every day he sat for hours at the feet of Bella Bruce, admiring her soft, feminine ways and virgin modesty even more than her beauty. And her visible blush whenever he appeared suddenly, and the soft commotion and yielding in her lovely frame whenever he drew near, betrayed his magnetic influence, and told all but the blind she adored him.

She would decline all invitations to dine with him and her father—a strong-minded old admiral, whose authority was unbounded, only, to Bella's regret, very rarely exerted. Nothing would have pleased her more than to be forbidden this and commanded that; but no! the admiral was a lion with an enormous paw, only he could not be got to put it into every pie.

In this charming society the hours glided, and the wedding-day drew close. So deeply and sincerely was Sir Charles in love that when Mr. Oldfield's letter came, appointing the day and hour to sign Miss Somerset's deed, he was unwilling to go, and wrote back to ask if the deed could not be sent to his house.

Mr. Oldfield replied that the parties to the deed and the witnesses must meet, and it would be unadvisable, for several reasons, to irritate the lady's susceptibility previous to signature: the appointment having been made at her house, it had better remain so

That day soon came.

Sir Charles, being due in Mayfair at 2 P.M., compensated himself for the less agreeable business to come by going earlier than usual to Portman Square. By this means he caught Miss Bruce and two other young ladies inspecting bridal dresses. Bella blushed and looked ashamed, and, to the surprise of her friends, sent the dresses away, and set herself to talk rationally with Sir Charles—as rationally as lovers can.

The ladies took the cue, and retired in disgust.

Sir Charles apologized.

"This is too bad of me. I come at an unheard-of hour, and frighten away your fair friends; but the fact is, I have an appointment at two, and I don't know how long they will keep me, so I thought I would make sure of two happy hours at the least."

And delightful hours they were. Bella Bruce, excited by this little surprise, leaned softly on his shoulder, and prattled her maiden love like some warbling fountain.

Sir Charles, transfigured by love, answered her in kind—three months ago he could not—and they compared pretty little plans of wedded life, and had small differences, and ended by agreeing.

Complete and prompt accord upon two points: first, they would not have a single quarrel, like other people; their love should never lose its delicate bloom; second, they would grow old together, and die the same day—the same minute if possible; if not, they must be content with the same day, but, on that, inexorable.

But soon after this came a skirmish. Each wanted to obey t'other.

Sir Charles argued that Bella was better than he, and therefore more fit to conduct the pair.

Bella, who thought him divinely good, pounced on this reason furiously. He defended it. He admitted, with exemplary candor, that he was good now—"awfully good." But he assured her that he had been any thing but good until he knew her; now she had been always good; therefore, he argued, as his goodness came originally from her, for her to obey him would be a little too much like the moon commanding the sun.

"That is too ingenious for me, Charles," said Bella. "And, for shame! Nobody was ever so good as you are. I look up to you and—Now I could stop your mouth in a minute. I have only to remind you that I shall swear at the altar to obey you, and you will not swear to obey me. But I will not crush you under the Prayer-book—no, dearest; but, indeed, to obey is a want of my nature, and I marry you to supply that want: and that's a story, for I marry you because I love and honor and worship and adore you to distraction, my own—own—own!" With this she flung herself passionately, yet modestly, on his shoulder, and, being there, murmured, coaxingly, "You *will* let me obey you, Charles?"

Thereupon Sir Charles felt highly gelatinous, and lost, for the moment, all power of resistance or argument.

"Ah, you will; and then you will remind me of my dear mother. She knew how to command; but as for poor dear papa, he is very disappointing. In selecting an admiral for my parent, I made sure of being ordered about. Instead of that—now I'll show you—there he is in the next room, inventing a new system of signals, poor dear—"

She threw the folding-doors open.

"Papa dear, shall I ask Charles to dinner today?"

"As you please, my dear."

"Do you think I had better walk or ride this afternoon?"

"Whichever you prefer."

"There," said Bella, "I told you so. That is always the way. Papa dear, you used always to be firing guns at sea. Do, please, fire one in this house—just one—before I leave it, and make the very windows rattle."

"I beg your pardon, Bella; I never wasted powder at sea. If the convoy sailed well and steered right I never barked at them. You are a modest, sensible girl, and have always steered a good course. Why should I hoist a petticoat and play the small tyrant? Wait till I see you going to do something wrong or silly."

"Ah! then you *would* fire a gun, papa?"

"Ay, a broadside."

"Well, that is something," said Bella, as she closed the door softly.

"No, no; it amounts to just nothing," said Sir Charles; "for you never will do any thing wrong or silly. I'll accommodate you. I have thought of a way. I shall give you some blank cards; you shall write on them, 'I think I should like to do so and so.' You shall be careless, and leave them about; I'll find them, and bluster, and say, 'I command you to do so and so, Bella Bassett'—the very thing on the card, you know."

Bella colored to the brow with pleasure and modesty. After a pause she said: "How sweet! The worst of it is I should get my own way. Now what I want is to submit my will to yours. A gentle tyrant—that is what you must be to Bella Bassett. Oh, you sweet, sweet, for calling me that!"

These projects were interrupted by a servant announcing luncheon.

This made Sir Charles look hastily at his watch, and he found it was past two o'clock.

"How time flies in this house!" said he. "I must go, dearest; I am behind my appointment already. What do you do this afternoon?"

"Whatever you please, my own."

"I could get away by four."

"Then I will stay at home for you."

He left her reluctantly, and she followed him to the head of the stairs, and hung over the balusters as if she would try to fly after him.

He turned at the street-door, saw that radiant and gentle face beaming after him, and they kissed hands to each other by one impulse, as if they were parting for ever so long.

He had gone scarcely half an hour when a letter, addressed to her, was left at the door by a private messenger.

"Any answer?" inquired the servant.

"No."

The letter was sent up, and delivered to her on a silver salver.

She opened it; it was a thing new to her in her young life—an anonymous letter.

"Miss Bruce,—*I am almost a stranger to you, but I know your character from others, and can not bear to see you abused. You are said to be about to marry Sir Charles Bassett. I think you can hardly be aware that he is connected with a lady of doubtful repute, called Somerset, and neither your beauty nor your virtue has prevailed to detach him from that connection.*

"*If, on engaging himself to you, he had abandoned her, I should not have said a word. But the truth is, he visits her constantly, and I blush to say that when he leaves you this day it will be to spend the afternoon at her house.*

"*I inclose you her address, and you can learn in ten minutes whether I am a slanderer or, what I wish to be,*

"A Friend of Injured Innocence."

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, F.R.S.

This celebrated naturalist, whose portrait is given on page 308, was born at Shrewsbury, England, on February 12, 1809, being a son of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, F.R.S., physician of that town; his mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, the modern founder of the English pottery manufacture. Mr. Darwin was educated first at Shrewsbury School under Dr. Butler, afterward Bishop of Lichfield; he went to the University of Edinburgh in 1825, remained there two years, and was next entered of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. His hereditary aptitude for the study of natural science must have been early perceived by his instructors. The Rev. Mr. Henslow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, recommended him, therefore, to Captain Fitzroy and the Lords of the Admiralty in 1831, when a naturalist was to be chosen to accompany the second surveying expedition of H.M.S. *Beagle* in the Southern Seas. The first expedition, that of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, 1826 to 1830, had explored the coasts of Patagonia; the *Beagle*, which sailed again December 27, 1831, and returned to England October 22, 1836, made a scientific circumnavigation of the globe. Its main object was, by a continuous series of chronometrical measurements, to procure a complete chain of meridian distances; there were also magnetic observations of some importance; but the zoology, botany, and geology of the different countries visited were examined by Mr. Darwin. He served without salary, and partly paid his own expenses, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections. These were received in England by Professor Henslow. Their value to the advancement of science was shown by the special reports upon these collections of the highest authorities in each case—of Professor Owen upon the fossil mammalia, of Mr. Waterhouse upon the living beasts, of Mr. Gould upon the birds, of Dr. Hooker, Professor Henslow, and others upon the plants, and of the most learned men in fishes, reptiles, and insects. Mr. Darwin discovered in South America three new genera of extinct animals. The president of the Geological Society declared that his voyage was one of the most important events for that science that had occurred for many years. To the general reader few books of travel can be more attractive than Mr. Darwin's "Journal" of this expedition, which he first published in 1839, and which has since gone through many editions. The agreeable freshness of its clear and lively style, the quickly touched yet distinctly visible pictures of scenery, the anecdotes of life and manners among the savage and other foreign nations with whom he conversed, the suggestiveness as well as the curiousness of the various incidents he has related, make this always a popular work. The countries upon which it chiefly dwells are the eastern, southern, and western shores of South America, with Terra del Fuego, and many inlets and islands of the coast, and some of the remotest island groups in the Pacific and Indian oceans. The natural history and geology of these regions are minutely described, opening scientific discussions of the highest interest.

Since the voyage of the *Beagle*, we believe, Mr. Darwin has not personally engaged in any distant explorations. He has resided during many years past near Farnborough, in Kent, having married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, by whom he has a large family. The honors of several British and foreign scientific societies have been conferred upon him—the Royal medal and Copley medal by the Royal Society, the Wollaston medal by the Geological Society—and he has been created by the King of Prussia Knight of the Order of Merit. He has frequently contributed to the transactions of the Geological, the Zoological, the Linnæan, and other botanical societies; and his treatise on the Cirripedia, published by the Ray Society, is one of his works held in much esteem. Botanists have appreciated his observations of the habits of climbing plants, and his very interesting book, published in 1862, upon the methods by which the fertilization of orchids is effected through the agency of certain insects. Mr. Darwin's reputation is thus independent of the philosophical theory which he propounds in his essay "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." That bold and ingenious essay, which first appeared in 1859, has been printed by tens of thousands of copies, and translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other European languages. It has excited more needless alarm and undeserved scandal than even the "Vestiges of Creation." It has been vehemently abused, and not less extravagantly commended, by illogical and intemperate partisans on both sides, who supposed it could affect the truths of the Christian religion. Its main proposition is that all the various forms of vegetable and animal life, past or present, have been produced by a series of gradual changes in natural descent from parents to offspring. All the animals—beasts, birds, reptiles, insects, fishes, and zoophytes—have descended from, at most, four or five progenitors—all the plants from no greater number; but analogy would lead to the belief that all animals and plants have together descended from some one prototype.

This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of a subject which has excited the most bitter controversy in scientific circles; but we may state that the great objection to the Darwinian theory is the want of that direct evidence of facts in its support which would surely be forthcoming if it were true. Geology bears record, in its fossils, of the existence during thousands of past centuries of many species now extinct; but we do not learn from the geologists that they have detected any one species in the act of transforming itself into any other. Within the range even of human observation of some living creatures, it might have been expected that, seeing the rapidity of their generations succeeding each other, short-lived as they are, we should find some recorded instances of such mutation. But the animals that old Egypt worshiped and those of which we read in old Æsop's fables were such as we now meet. Allowing, however, the lapse of hundreds of millions of years, antecedent to all geological dates, for the change from the simplest to the most complete living form, it is scarcely credible that the modification of a vegetating structure has produced in animals such an organ as the eye, much less the brain.

Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, indeed, does not extend so far. Analogy may be a deceitful guide, he says; and there is no positive evidence that animals and plants come from one low form of organism, such as the spores of certain algæ, intermediate between vegetable and animal existence. But that all vertebrate animals, including man, are the offspring of a common parent he thinks is proved by the arguments he has adduced in the "Origin of Species." He lays much stress on the close resemblance of different species to each other in the embryonic stage; on correspondences of structure, as between the hand or fore-arm of a man and the leg of a horse; and on the existence of abortive rudimentary organs, such as teeth which are never cut, or stumps of wings, of tails, and of horns, which serve no useful purpose. These seem tokens of a real kindred between the mammals; but Mr. Darwin's new book, "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," asserts the kindred of us mammals to amphibious reptiles and fishes, going back to "a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians." Somehow one feels less repugnance to this amazing long pedigree than to the presumed immediate ancestor of mankind. The Ascidian larva is not so bad as the too familiar ape. Mr. Darwin, however, insists on presenting Jocko as almost one of ourselves. If we object that the monkey has no mind like ours, he replies that the monkey *has* a mind, which is superior to the mind of a fish—the lamprey, for instance—in a greater degree than the lowest human intelligence is superior to the cleverest monkey's. As for the moral sense, he ascribes its development to social instincts and habits. In conclusion Mr. Darwin says:

"The main conclusion arrived at in this work—namely, that man is descended from some lowly organized form—will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many persons. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked, and bedaubed with paint; their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and, like wild animals, lived upon what they could catch; they had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions. Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hopes for a still higher destiny in the distant future."

We must leave the subject to thoughtful readers. Species is a mystery; life is a great mystery; the conscious rational soul is a greater mystery still. There are such problems in the universe as physical science will never be able to solve.

KITTEN.

Ellen Vandecken and her sister Bessie were waiting for dinner in a magnificent dwelling in one of the most aristocratic streets in New York.

Ellen, the elder, was rocking herself in front of the glass between the windows, and Bessie was standing tiptoe before the mirror on the mantel-piece, "fixing" herself, as ladies call it—that is, rearranging her dress generally without rhyme or reason, taking off the bow at her throat, shaking out her false curls, puffing up her panier, and belting in her waist.

These two sisters, the only children of a rich widowed stock-broker, were, in every particular of dress and thought, girls of the period.

They never quarreled exactly, but were always at variance in their opinions, and permitted themselves to use that unpleasant frankness which is the bane of too great intimacy, and the downright contradiction which prevails with relatives who are not obliged to be polite in the home circle.

"I wish," said Ellen, "that that Kitten wouldn't come here any more."

"*I* wish," replied Bessie, "that you would stop calling him Kitten. I don't see any fun in it. He's not a bit like a kitten."

"He is, then," laughed Ellen: "his hair is light, what I call kitten gray, or drab; his eyes are gray, so is his complexion; he wears a gray hat, gray pants, gray gloves; his sparse mustache sticks out just like a cat's, and he speaks in a purring voice. Externally he *is* very like a kitten, but morally I think he is more of the mouse order, without a grain of spirit. Whenever I see him sidling up to you, without the courage to pay you open attention, I think of such is the kingdom of henpecked husbands."

"I hope," retorted her sister, "that when *you* enter the kingdom of henpecked husbands, yours may have a purse as long as your tongue, El."

"I tell you, Bessie, if what pa said yesterday comes to pass, and old Mr. Farringdon's bank breaks, your mild-mannered man will have to take a nurse-maid's situation."

And Ellen laughed, and rocked back far enough to reflect the heels of her tiny boots; but Bessie sighed, and said, thoughtfully:

"I suppose it *would* go very hard with poor Kitten to work for his living. There's a great deal said nowadays about the young folks of the period; but no blame is ever attached to the way in which the old people bring them up—particularly girls—in idleness, ignorance, and extravagance. Rich parents take it for granted that their wealth is going to last forever, and poor ones that, by hook or by crook, their children will get rich; and so they never teach them any thing that will be of service in adversity; then, when they are thrown out into the world to shift for themselves, they do it badly enough—the men often by their wits, and the women by worse. Now there's poor Donald Farringdon: what earthly thing could he do to earn his salt, to say nothing of bread?—or you? or I? It's a hard, hollow world!"

"There you are mistaken; it's not hard nor hollow, being an incandescent mass of—"

"Bother your science! There's pa; let's go down to dinner."

It was true, he told them during dinner, that Farringdon & Brother had suspended payment; their liabilities were large, and the merchant princes of yesterday were the beggars of to-day.

How did the meek and purring "Kitten" bear the blow?

An only son, he had been reared in luxury, and in the belief that a great fortune would be his; that, therefore, labor—mental or physical—would never be necessary.

He knew positively nothing of practical use, although he could swim like a duck, sing like the tenor of an opera, and dance like a Polish prince. He could drive a pair of fast horses without splitting his tight violet kid gloves, was a celebrated amateur "catch" at base-ball, the pride of the rowing club, a Nimrod with the gun, and a Hollander on the skating rink; but he had never studied a profession, nor learned any honest, hard-handed trade. He wouldn't become a music-teacher nor salesman, so he tried to keep a set of books. He found that he could not make in one year by that as much as he had formerly spent in neck-ties and gloves; so he resigned his situation in three months, and stood alone in the world, without a penny or the means of earning one, and with all his luxurious habits to be overcome. But there remained to him still the good gifts of his pride and youthful manhood. The first prompted him to withdraw immediately from his "set," thereby avoiding the humiliation of "cuts;" the second enabled him to face the worst without a murmur.

He wrote to Bessie Vandecken, releasing her from her engagement, giving his reverses as the reason. For a little while he hoped she would cling to him; but when a brief note came, expressing polite but cold regret for his altered fortune, he made up his mind that he must resign love as well as friends and position; then, in the language of the bold outlaw, Rob Roy, "he pulled his bonnet o'er his brow, took to the woods and hills, and became a broken man."

The firm of Farringdon & Brother soon passed out of the remembrance of all but the sufferers by it. Kitten's father slunk away to the poverty-stricken retreats of broken-down gentlemen; for his had been no fictitious failure, leaving the bankrupts rich. Thus Kitten faded so completely out of Bessie's "set" that she could learn nothing of him or his whereabouts. On the receipt of his letter she felt that she loved him, and told her father so. She was young, and stood in awe of her father, who forbade her to hold out any encouragement to young Farringdon, giving these reasons: that she, by virtue of her bringing up, was unfitted to be the wife of a poor man; that he, her father, would never support a son-in-law; that every man should take care of his own wife, no matter what the circumstances of her parents might be. If the young fellow really loved her, he would pluck up a spirit—which he didn't seem to have, by-the-way—strike a vein of gold, or find Kidd's treasure, and come back and claim her in good time. Then it would be well enough to talk of accepting him, always supposing that she kept of the same mind, which, in so young a girl, was hardly to be expected. And so on in the same strain.

Bessie did not die of disappointed love—it is not customary with the girl of the period. Still she felt that in her "heart ot hearts" (why should Hamlet only have a plurality of them?) she loved poor Kitten, as her sister had mockingly nicknamed him in a happier hour.

She loved him with redoubled tenderness since he had uttered that touching, tragic word, "good-by;" for,

> "How oft, if at the court of Love
> Concealment be the fashion,
> When How-d'ye-do? has failed to move,
> Good-by reveals the passion!"

* * * * * * *

The sisters passed four years in gayety and fashion, skimming from one watering-place to another, and then Ellen married.

Mr. Vandecken came home one evening, saying that he was going out West on business; that if Bessie could be ready by seven o'clock the next morning she might go with him.

A large Saratoga trunk stood in the passage at six. They traveled in safety till the last evening of their journey.

"Only one night more," said Bessie to herself, as she loosened her dress and unbuttoned her boots, "that I shall have to crawl into this musty, draughty berth in a sleeping-car."

Tired out, she soon fell into an uneasy slumber. She was suddenly awakened by a terrible crash, as if two trains had rushed together, followed by shouts, cries, groans, and confusion. She was instantly thrown forward, it seemed to her, out of the car; then she lost consciousness. When she partly recovered her senses she heard the same agonizing moaning and cries, and thought she had been killed and sent to perdition; for above her head there glared a great, blinding red light; she seemed to be lying on a hard, iron hay rack; then a demoniac face bent over her, and two brawny bare arms grasped her and bore her swiftly away. Was it the arch-fiend himself bearing her down, down to still more terrible punishment?

Two trains had collided—one dashing into and shutting up in the other like a telescope. By some miracle Bessie was flung uninjured on the cow-catcher of the engine, which burst in the end of her sleeping-car. Just as she fell the engineer managed to jump out, seize her, and drag her off the perilous place. He carried her to the nearest hotel, where soon the dead and wounded were brought in heart-rending numbers. Among the former was Mr. Vandecken.

In the agony of her grief word was brought that the engineer wished to see her.

"Let him come in," she said, tearfully. "Though, now my father is gone, I can not thank the man for saving my life."

The engineer was a tall, muscular man, with a heavy beard. This time his face was not begrimed with coal dust. Bessie saw at once that he was not the arch-fiend, as she had thought on the cow-catcher; but there was something familiar about his features. Still she felt sure she never had met him before, as she had no acquaintances among men who worked *like that* for a living!

"Don't you know me, Bessie?" he said, falteringly, but with no touch of shame.

She uttered a cry, and straightway fell sobbing into the outspread arms of the dirty engineer, who wore a red flannel shirt, shabby, coarse pants turned up at the ankles, clod-hopping boots, and worked *like that* for a living!

"It's Kitten! it's Kitten! it's my dear old darling Kitten!"

And so it *was* Kitten; though no wonder she did not recognize him till he spoke. The slight, smooth-faced youth of twenty had changed into a bearded man of powerful build. The dainty hands which once wore ladies-sized kid gloves were now large and strong enough to drive an engine and guide a flying train; and the Kitten of fast horses and swell clubs was now content, even proud, he said, to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. It was a humble calling, but "a man's a man for a' that."

To be true to nature, almost every story ends with a marriage, and so does this; for in eighteen months after her father's decease Bessie, the heiress, but true-hearted little girl of the period, became the wife of the stalwart engineer, the once meek, purring little Kitten.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During the last session of Congress a law was passed which causes an important change in the mode of making public the patents which are issued for inventions. Hitherto a brief account of all patents has been given in connection with the annual Patent-office report. Instead of this, the Commissioner of Patents is now authorized to have printed a certain number of copies of the specifications and drawings of each patent hereafter issued. One copy is to be placed in the Capitol of each State and Territory for free inspection, one for the same purpose in the clerk's office of each District Court of the United States, and one in the Library of Congress. These copies must not to be taken from the depositories named for any other purpose than to be used as evidence in the courts. The Commissioner is also directed to have printed for sale such additional copies of specifications and drawings as may be warranted by the actual demand. He is, moreover, authorized to furnish a complete set of them to any public library which will pay for binding them into volumes to correspond with those in the Patent-office, and for their transportation, it being understood that they will be made conveniently accessible to the public. By this arrangement all persons throughout the country who are desirous of learning the details of inventions which have been made can do so with great facility.

American smokers are not treated with so much leniency in England as at home; in proof of which may be cited the case of a certain Mr. Page, an American barrister, residing at Nottinghill. He was arrested for smoking upon the platform of the Nottinghill Gate railway station. The accused pleaded his cause to the best of his ability, averring that he knew the rules of the company, and, like a prudent man, did not smoke, but only carried a "dead" cigar in his mouth. His prudence, however, was not sufficient. Somebody had seen fire and smoke in the vicinity of his mouth, and he was fined forty shillings and costs.

"The Silver Handwriting" is a curious old manuscript in the University of Upsala, in Sweden. It is a translation of the Bible into the original Gothic, said to be written about the close of the fifth century. It was discovered in the sixteenth century, at Verden, on the Ruhr, and was taken to Prague, and afterward carried to Stockholm; thence it was taken into Holland, and was bought back again for Sweden, by the Chancellor De la Gardie, for $400. He had it magnificently bound in a solid silver cover, and in 1869 presented it to the University of Upsala. It is written in silver on crimson parchment. The headings and a few principal passages are in gold. It is rich in Byzantine tracery of symbolic devices. It numbers 330 leaves, with twenty lines to each page. Only two punctuation marks are used throughout—the period and the colon.

Kansas newspapers tell of a wonderful family of giants recently discovered in Jackson County. The mother is nothing remarkable, but the father is eight feet six inches; and his daughter, not more than twelve years old, is seven feet high, and proportionately large otherwise. The name of this unfortunate child is Rose Plummer; and her father says his fortune is made if "Rose don't quit growing."

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from San Domingo City, says he believes there are more bells in that city than in the whole United States. "The first thing I hear in the morning," he says, "is the chiming of bells, and on Sunday hardly another sound is heard but the rhyming and the chiming of the bells. Every church here—and they are more numerous than I can count—has at least a dozen bells, and it appears to be the grand order to ring them all at the same time. There is the solemn bell chime of the cathedral, the more musical chime of San Domingo, and so on, and so on. Now, if the San Domingo bells would only cease their silvery sounds while the chimes of the cathedral delight us, it would be a great comfort and satisfaction, but away they all go at the same time, a-ringing and a-dinging. These bells would seem to have been made for the especial delight of the colored boys, who lug away at the ropes with excruciating vigor."

The present season proves to have been the earliest ever known in Newfoundland for seal fishery. More than a week ago the steamship *Walrus* arrived at St. Johns with a cargo of 15,000 young seals, taken off the Funks Islands. The captain reported thirty sail of vessels as having been in the same ice in company with the *Walrus*—all of which were loaded and had borne up for home. He also stated that he had been for days surrounded by seals as far as the eye could see.

Washington is likely to have before long a mammoth hotel. A project has been started of building a hotel on Capitol Hill capable of containing nine hundred persons, and costing in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. The matter is under consideration, though how soon Congressmen can so conveniently step from legislative halls to their private parlors is uncertain.

There has not been snow enough during the past winter to suit and satisfy all people. It is estimated that there are now about thirty-five hundred sleighs in the hands of New England manufacturers which must lie over till another year—a large amount of capital thus remaining idle for nine months. Nevertheless, more sleighs were made in 1870 than for many previous years.

It might naturally be inferred that if one had managed to live in this miserable world for eighty years it would be possible to endure unto the natural end of life. One Mrs. Smith, of Connecticut, however, did not think so. At eighty years of age, being apparently in her usual good health and spirits, she retired to her room one night, and committed suicide by cutting her throat. No cause was known for the commission of this deed.

Who eats all the pea-nuts? Ask any body who sells them, and you will be informed that *every body* eats them, from the wealthy banker to the homeless news-boy. Nearly three thousand bushels of pea-nuts were received at the port of New York in one week last January, and 550,000 bushels are annually sold in this city. Pea-nuts vary with the soil upon which they are raised. The Virginia nut has the thickest hull, and is the largest and finest-looking, but it is not as rich as the Georgia and African varieties. In France pea-nuts are used for making salad-oil, but in this country they are too expensive to be available for that purpose. Prices usually range from two to two and a half dollars a bushel.

A physician writing a series of "Letters to a School-Girl," devotes one to the "Nice Keeping of the Hair." Among other directions, he remarks that much is said against wearing switches, or jutes, or chignons, because they breed pestiferous vermin, whose life is fed by their drain on the small blood-vessels of the scalp; but all such objections to these monstrosities become as nothing compared with the objection which arises from the congested condition of the blood-vessels of the back brain by reason of their use. A switch or chignon is a substance which in itself is a great non-conductor of animal heat. As the back head has a great deal of blood, and a great deal of blood has a great deal of heat in it, the surplusage of this heat should be permitted to pass off outwardly. To wear one of these appliances is to keep the heat in, and as the part thus dressed is made hotter than it ought to be, disease takes place in a little while, and the whole bodily structure becomes affected. In woman there is such an intimate connection between the back brain and the reproductive structure, that when the former becomes enfeebled the latter inevitably takes on morbid conditions.

More than a century ago a certain Miss Wragg died in England. She had done nothing remarkable to render her memory lasting, but she is not yet forgotten. Curiously enough, she bequeathed a small amount to a certain parish for charity, on condition that the vault should be opened every year, and her coffin dusted. If this was not scrupulously done, the sum was to be given to another parish. The fidelity of the clergymen and wardens to their sacred trust was secured by leaving one guinea to the former for preaching a sermon, and a certain sum to the latter for a dinner to celebrate the cheerful anniversary on which the vault is opened.

A Massachusetts youth got the credit of an intention to rob an express car on the Union Pacific Railroad by gaining admission into it in a box, to be sent as freight from Denver to Boston. The young man himself explains the matter by saying that he had but little money, and wanted a cheap passage home. The interior of the box was fitted up comfortably. In one end was a frame-work of twine for the head to rest upon. The other end contained bread, cakes, butter, apples, and many little dainties, as well as books and papers and other comforts. The only suspicious thing in it was a pistol. The affair is generally regarded merely as a strange freak of a strange youth.

The latest English device is a mustache supporter, and consists essentially of a comb curved into the form of the upper lip, and a narrow plate connected to the back or unperforated part of the comb, and situated at right angles to the comb. The comb is placed under the mustache, the narrow plate being situated in a horizontal plane, and constituting a small screen or guard, on which the mustache is supported in the required position. Young gentlemen should be duly grateful to England for this valuable invention.

The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise was appropriately celebrated in this city by a dinner given by Lord Walter Campbell, brother of the Marquis. It seems that the Duke of Argyle has always been of the opinion that the sons of noblemen ought to learn some useful occupation; and with this view he caused his eldest son to study law before he entered Parliament, and sent another son, Lord Walter Campbell, to this city to be a clerk in the office of Messrs. Busk & Jevons, merchants. The dinner referred to was given at the Travelers' Club, many distinguished guests being present. Every delicacy, in season and out of season, covered the tables, which were elegantly laid out. The objects that attracted most attention were a colossal bridal cake, elaborately decorated, a boar's head surmounted by a coronet, the emblem of the house of Campbell, which was made of chocolate, and the central *épergné*, which was filled with blush roses and sprigs of heather. The British consul proposed the toast of the evening—the health of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne.

Some curious American has discovered that Queen Victoria is not so polite to the masses as she has had the credit of being. In her drives through the city she has always been noted for bowing affably and continuously to her passing subjects. Now it has come out that there is a curious contrivance attached to the seat of the royal carriage by means of which the royal body is gently swayed as in the act of bowing, while in reality the said body lolls comfortably, and makes no exertion whatever.

New Hampshire voters have established a novel fashion, which will brighten up election days, and, perhaps, prevent some of the disorders generally incident to attendance at the ballot-box. In Peterboro, on a recent town-meeting day, the cornet band regaled the voters with some excellent music as they marched up to the polls. Are they trying to pave the way for women to go gayly and pleasantly to deposit their votes?

The Five Points House of Industry is full of children. More than three hundred are at the tables daily; over two hundred are living in the House; and during the month of February twenty-five thousand meals were furnished to hungry children.

"Pupmatic" is suggested as a new word admirably adapted to describe those individuals to whom the application of "dogmatic" would be too dignified.

A pretty good story is told of an Irishman named Billy, who had long been employed as a teamster by the occupant of a coal wharf in Philadelphia. He was a fixture, and the owner thought he could not get along without Billy. But as both employer and man were the possessors of more or less irascibility, frequent were their explosions, and Billy was discharged at least once a day; but though frequently discharged, he never went off. One day the employer, during one of these passages, burst out:

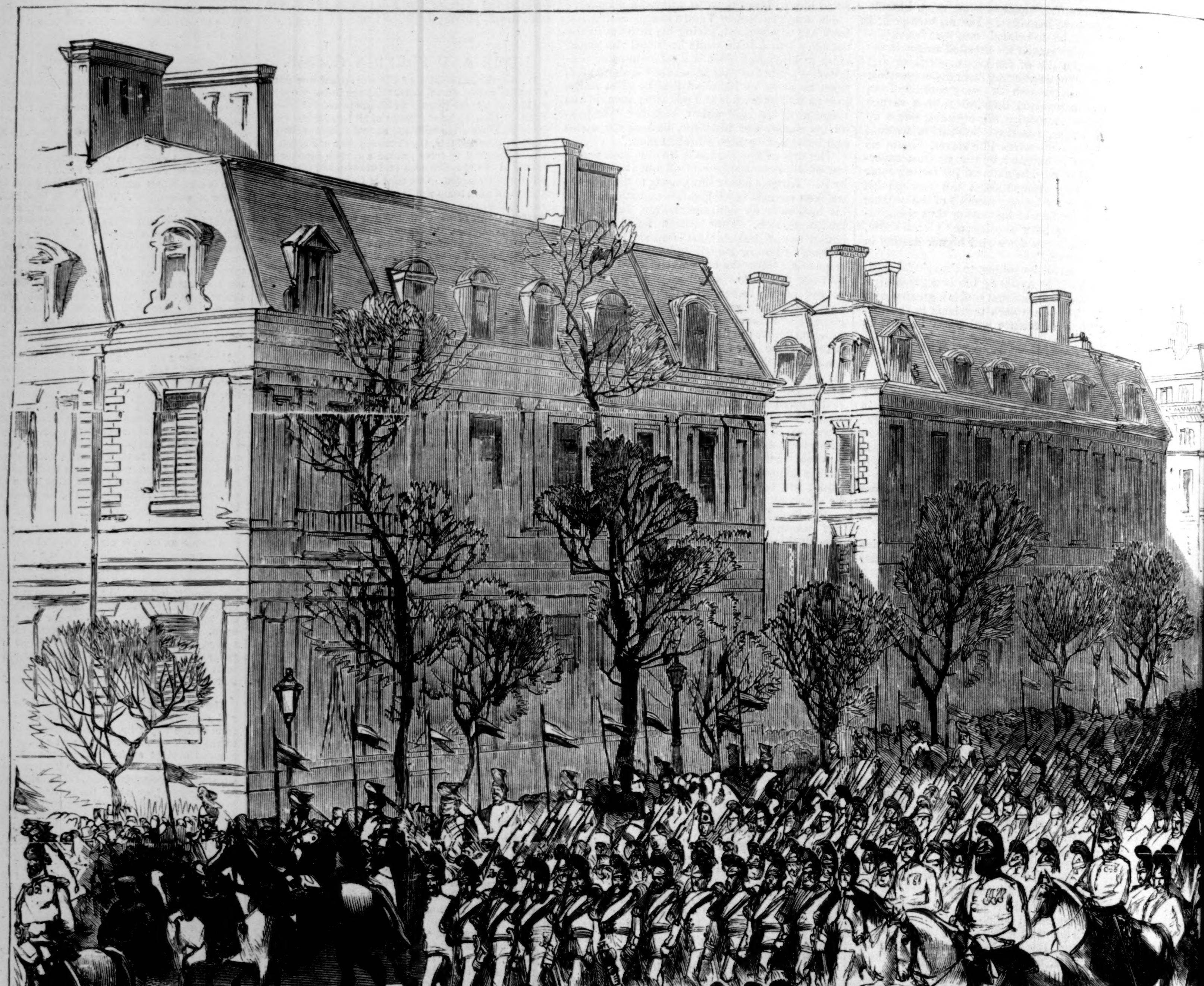
"It's no sort of use, Billy; I can't learn you any thing at all, and have been trying for years."

"Shure and yez have, then, lairnt me wan thing," said Billy.

"What is that?" was asked; "I shall be glad to hear of any thing you have learned."

"Shure, Sir, yez have lairnt me that fifteen hundred makes a ton!"

Billy knew too much to be spared.



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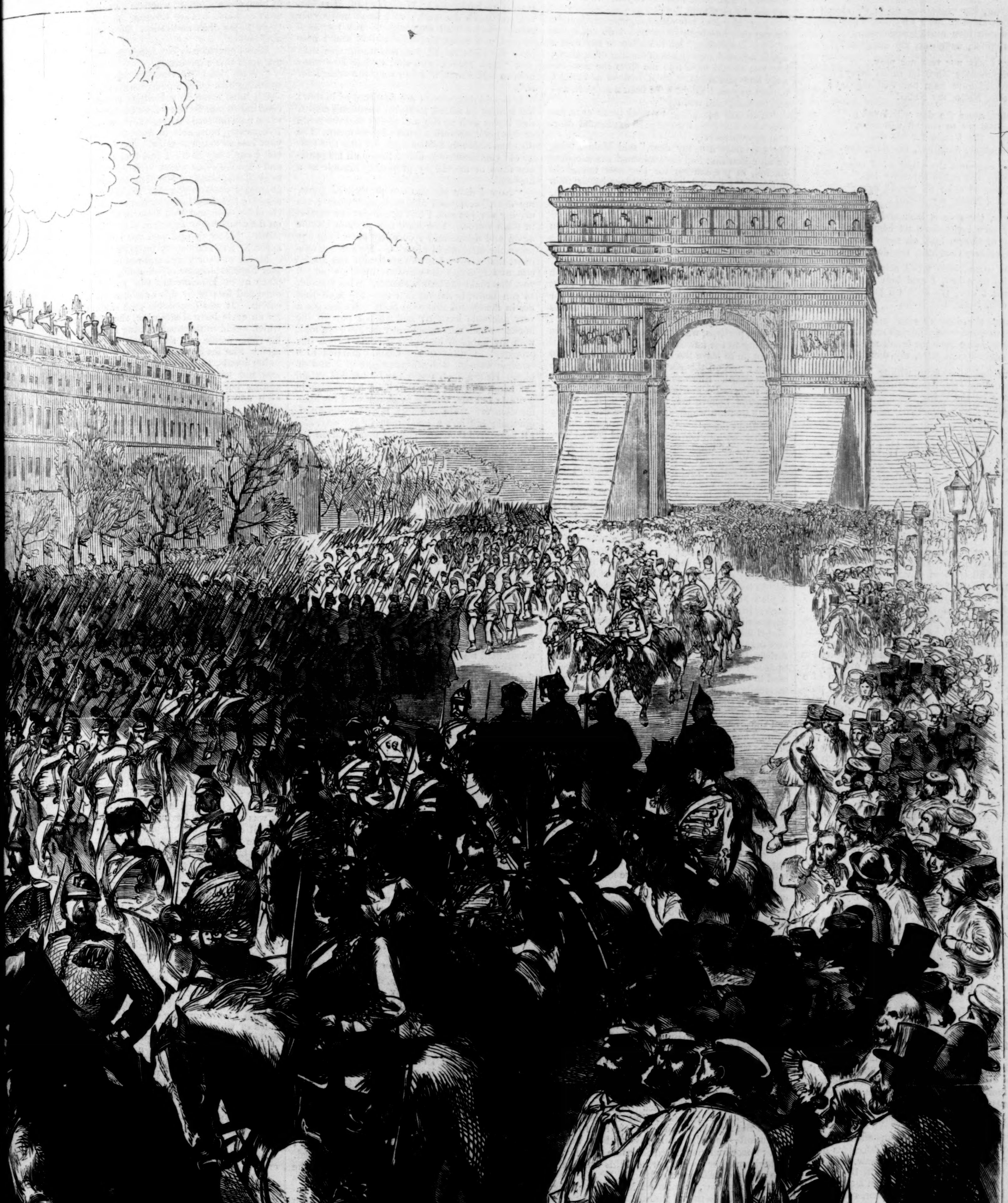


F THE INTO PARIS.—[See Page 317.]

AN ITALIAN BALLAD.

DAUGHTER, the night was made for sleep:
Why dost thou watch? why dost thou weep?
Who soweth love must sorrow reap;
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

Mother, I can nor rest nor pray,
Six long months since he sailed away;
This should have been our wedding-day;
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

Daughter, anon the day will break;
Six candles we to church will take,
And pray the Virgin for his sake;
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

Mother, meseems the night wind cries,
"Lone on the sands thy lover lies,
With none to close his glazéd eyes:"
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

Daughter, the gale is loud and wild,
By thy own heart thou art beguiled;
Mother of Grace, look on my child;
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

Mother, when Nello sailed away
One kiss he asked, I said him nay;
The debt I owe, the debt I'll pay;
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

Daughter, the demon's cruel art
Wreaketh worst wrong through true love's smart;
Daughter, come back, or break my heart!
Daughter, daughter, my daughter!

On sand-bed take, from willing bride,
This wedding kiss, death-sanctified;
Our coverlet the rising tide;
Nello, Nello, my Nello!

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN OFFER BY PROXY.

IT was out of the season at Brackmere, which was accordingly deserted, save by the aborigines. To all of these Martha Barr was as well known as the town clock (and considered equally correct), and the report that she had put herself on half rations in the matter of domestic service convulsed society. The news, on the other hand, that Miss Jennings had made a fractional addition to her establishment fell comparatively flat. Nothing was more common than the substitution of a page-boy for a parlor-maid, or even a footman for a page-boy; but any diminution of a domestic staff was rare, and resented upon public grounds. Brackmere was a "growing favorite" as a place of resort, and it was important that it should hold its head up.

On the esplanade, then, where the good folk of the town were wont to congregate, even in the early spring—out on the pier-head, to which the hardiest denizens of the place, linked two by two, would struggle against the wind—in the Palazzos, Belvideres, and St. Angelos, this topic was exhaustively discussed, nor was it long in reaching the ears of the great Simcoe of Tiddliwinks.

"I dare say Mr. Simcoe will not like it, my dear," had been Martha's reflection, when the news of Rachel's semi-departure had been broken to Mabel, and received with a philosophy which was only affected, inasmuch as she had some difficulty in repressing an extravagant joy.

"It is most kind and sensible of you, I am sure, to say you will not mind," pursued Martha; "and doing a little work for ourselves is better far, of course, than getting into debt. But then, you see, it certainly does look like crying poverty; and Mr. Simcoe is *so* particular about the prosperity of the place, and especially of that of his own tenants. Mrs. Bannacre says she shouldn't be a bit surprised if he gave me notice to quit."

"I am perfectly certain, Martha, that Mr. Simcoe will do nothing of the kind," said Mabel, indignantly; "but, indeed, as long as the rent is paid, I don't see what it matters to him whether we have half a servant or half a dozen."

"That is because you don't understand the natural distaste for poverty, my dear, which belongs more or less to all men, but especially to landlords. They may mean very well to you; but if you are 'going down hill,' as they call it, they will recommend you to take a house more adapted to your reduced circumstances. When a servant is taken ill with some infectious disorder, even a kind mistress, you know, packs her off to the hospital, 'where she will be so much better looked after;' and will even let her run a little risk in being removed thither, rather than keep her in the house. Now poverty is like the scarlet fever itself in that respect."

"And you have caught it of me," sighed Mabel, sadly.

"No, no, no," said Martha, vehemently. "Pardon me, my darling, for giving way to bitterness, which, believe me, was not upon my own account at all. Heaven knows that, so far as *I* am concerned, I would as soon be my own servant—so long as I am my own mistress—as possess Mr. Simcoe's chariot and prancing steeds. But I do wish for a little money now, I own, not on account of those little bills I told you about, for we shall soon save enough to settle them, but because—" She looked at Mabel, so tender, so fair, so delicate; and thinking of all the shifts and struggles that she might be put to, her soft heart melted within her, and she fairly burst into tears. "It was wrong of me, my darling—it was selfish and wrong of me," cried she, wringing her hands, "to bring you here and mate you thus with sordid toil. I advised you ill in urging you to refuse the offers of others. I did it for the best, as I flattered myself; but I was too venturesome; and now, alas! it is you who have to pay for my own folly."

"Nay, Martha; it is your too generous thought for me that has been in error. I do not speak of your hospitality; let it suffice to say that I would not exchange this roof for that of a palace; but you should have told me from the first exactly how you stood. Then, instead of being a burden to you, I might have been a support, as I will be now, God willing."

"You are not going to work your eyes out over that fine lace, I do hope?" exclaimed Martha, apprehensively.

"Certainly not, my dear," said Mabel, tying on an apron that had once adorned the excellent Rachel, in preparation for her new household duties. "I hope I know my place better than that. And now," cried she, with a gay laugh, "I'm off to work, so please to give me a kiss before my cheek gets smudged."

It seemed as though Mabel's spirits had risen in inverse proportion to her fortunes, for she went about the house all that afternoon with a song on her lips as joyous as any lark's.

The dinner, which the hostess had cooked with her own hands, was pronounced to be a great success; and after it Martha had gone out for "a blow" on the esplanade. The two ladies could no more go out in the afternoon together; and this, perhaps, was the greatest inconvenience attaching to the new state of affairs—because it did not do to leave the house without any one in charge; and on this occasion it was Mabel who was on guard. She was engaged in dusting Martha's room—the prettiest little household fairy she looked, believe me, that ever used a bunch of feathers for a wand—when there came a ring at the front-door.

Mabel ran into her own room and peered cautiously out of window—a measure of prudence which Martha had recommended to her on the score of tramps. She forgot at the moment that this particular window was, as a post of observation, valueless, because the front-door had a little porch which would generally conceal the visitor. On the present occasion, however, it did not conceal him, because the visitor was too large for the porch. He bulged out on all sides of it, and, without disclosing the features, revealed the proportions of Mr. Samuel Simcoe, without the possibility of a doubt. Mabel's heart beat high within her when she saw who it was. She had a plan in her head—the secret of her present high spirits—for succoring honest Martha, which depended upon this gentleman's assistance, and Mabel felt assured that it would be given. The new organist of St. Etheldreda had failed to give satisfaction. She had resolved to apply to Mr. Simcoe for the vacant situation. She had been used to play the organ in her father's church, and was really no mean performer on that instrument; but even if she had been less skillful, she flattered herself that she would still have got the place, and the stipend, which was sixty pounds per annum. The relations between herself and the great Simcoe were so very cordial that she was sure he would not refuse her a favor, and particularly one which would not only cost him nothing, but be a convenience to himself. How lucky it was that she had persuaded Martha to go out for a walk, and could have a few words with this opportune visitor alone! She tripped down stairs and opened the door to him, with a courtesy of profound humility.

"Lor, then, it's true!" said Mr. Simcoe, looking at her blue apron, which she had designedly retained. "So many people have told me about it that I thought it must be a lie. So you wait upon yourself, do you, Miss Mabel? Well, it must be one good thing to have got rid of that cursed Rachel."

"I am glad you take that view of the matter, Mr. Simcoe," said Mabel, smiling, and ushering him into the parlor; "for somebody did say that because we were growing poor you would probably, as a prudent landlord, proceed to turn us out of house and home."

"That must have been Sister Bannacre," observed Mr. Simcoe, decisively. "That woman has made a religion for herself, as it were, out of the worst parts of Christianity. Or if that shocks you, my dear," for Mabel looked very serious, "let us say she has suffered the good wine of religion, of which she has such an immense stock in hand, to turn to vinegar. But never mind *her*, my dear, just now; I want to talk to *you*."

He had called Mabel twice "my dear," which she thought rather strange; but the little excess was in the right direction—as looked at from the organ-loft—and she let it pass without notice. Mr. Simcoe had manifested for some time a very fatherly manner toward her, and this was doubtless only a development of it.

"No, my dear," continued Mr. Simcoe, after an interval of gasps and panting, "I am not quite such a sordid monster as Mrs. Bannacre and folks of her kidney paint me. I like my money, and other people's too, for the matter of that, if I can get hold of it by fair means; but I don't weigh every thing by avoirdupois. It ain't true that a thing is worth exactly what it will fetch, or else what wouldn't one give for a retriever?"

Tickled with this witticism, it was some time before Mr. Simcoe recovered from the perilous condition in which mirth always placed him, and, purple and panting, once more resumed the thread of his discourse.

"Brains, my dear Miss Mabel, are better than money, and goodness than both; and I am free to confess that I respect your cousin, Martha Barr, with her half-servant, a deal more than the lord of this manor. I hate him like the devil, to be sure, for shutting up that foot-path to my church across the fields; but that's neither here nor there. Well, next to your cousin, now, who do you think I am going to mention who has brains and goodness (or I am much mistaken) and beauty, about which there can be no mistake whatever, and a kind word for every body, and who stands up for a fat old fellow like me behind his back—eh? Well, it's you, Miss Mabel, and that's the truth; so I won't make your pretty cheeks burn any longer. It's you as I respect, and more, and hope to find that I may have the right to call you something else than just 'Miss Mabel,' and that's what I've come here to talk about, if I had only the breath for it."

It is said that women are destitute of humor; but it must be stated, to Mabel Denham's credit, that it was with no slight difficulty that she could at this point restrain a burst of merriment. The idea had suddenly flashed upon her that this funny old gentleman was about to cap all his previous feats of facetiæ by proposing himself as a husband.

"Now I dare say you can pretty well guess, my dear," continued Mr. Simcoe, "what I am driving at; but still I had better put the matter in plain words. You have met my son Claude again and again, and I dare say have long ago taken the measure of his wits. He's not a wise man, that's true; but he's an honest and a kind one, and it is not the cleverest men, let me tell you, that make the best husbands. Well, Claude, as you know, is the rat that eats the malt that lies in the church that Sam built. He has got a very tolerable income; and when I pop off the hooks—which may happen any day, as I am told, with my habit of body—he'll come into a fine property. I want to see Claude married to a sensible woman, who will take care of it and of him. He's a fool, you'll say?" Mabel raised her hand, and was about to open her mouth in protest; but Mr. Simcoe motioned with his hand for silence. "He *is* a fool, my dear—granted, granted; but he's a good man in his way, and I'll settle five thousand pounds upon you on the day you marry him."

Mabel looked at the old man with grave respect, all inclination to mirth quite dead within her. His earnestness and honest solicitude had something attractive in them. He was by far the most vulgar man—in the ordinary sense—that she had ever met with; but of the sterling worth with which she had been always inclined to credit him she felt now assured.

"My dear Mr. Simcoe," said she, softly, "pray believe me when I say that your generous offer evidences a good opinion of me for which, however undeserved, I feel most sincerely and keenly grateful. I am not so ignorant of the world as not to know that to a penniless orphan like myself—"

"Not a word about that," ejaculated the old gentleman, with energy. "I don't care a damn about that, my dear—I don't, indeed."

"But, unhappily, Mr. Simcoe," said Mabel, firmly, "I have nothing to give you in return for your generosity, *except* my thanks. I can not marry your son Claude."

"I see," replied the old gentleman, mournfully; "you won't take him at the price, nor perhaps at any price, eh? Or else, when I've set my heart upon a thing, mind you, I'm not balked for a few thousands. I said five; but you're worth more than five. I'll—"

"Mr. Simcoe," said Mabel, with dignity, "I have spoken once for all. I am sure you will not forget yourself so far as to bargain for a wife for your own son."

"Lor! it's often done," replied the old gentleman, simply. "If you happened to have a mother, she and I would be auctioneering here for half an hour; but, of course, in this case—treating with a principal only, as the money-lenders say—it would be indelicate. Well, I'm sorry; I'm most uncommon sorry; and it will be a deuce of a blow, mind you, to my boy. However, I am sure I can trust you to keep silence in the matter, so that he need never know."

"But surely Mr. Claude is aware?" began Mabel, with kindling eyes.

"Tut, tut; not a bit of it!" answered the old gentleman. "Lor bless you, don't put yourself in a pucker about that, my good young lady. Why, he'd no more have had the pluck to say, 'Go and ask her for me, father,' than to climb the steeple of his own church to gild the weather-cock. He has never even so much as said he loved you within my hearing."

"So it seems if I had accepted this offer by proxy that it might have been repudiated by Mr. Claude himself," observed Mabel, coldly.

"Nay, nay, Miss Denham; you don't think so ill of me as that, I hope," remonstrated the old gentleman. "If I had failed to make a match of it between you, you may depend upon it that I would have paid forfeit handsomely; but it was impossible that I should have failed. Though I suffer Master Claude to do much as he likes with the blessed St. Etheldreda, he knows I'm not one to be trifled with on a matter of serious importance; for where I've once set down my foot, as you may imagine," added the old gentleman, with a rueful glance at his portly form, "I'm not to be easily stirred. If Claude had never set eyes on you in his life, I say he would have taken you to wife from his father's hand; but, indeed, my poor lad is over head and ears in love with you, Miss Mabel. When I've been in the vestry and told him—just for a bit of fun, you know—that you were in church, he'd put on all his paraphernalia higgledy-piggledy. That little shift he puts his head through over his clothes—whatever's the name of it—"

"The alb, I suppose you mean?" suggested Mabel, delicately.

"Ah! the alb. Well, I've seen him with that alb on wrong side before. When *you* are near him the poor lad don't know whether he is standing on his head or his heels. Whenever he turns his face upon you in the pulpit, you'd think the painted window was throwing gules upon him. I've watched him often and often from my pew, my dear, as gules as he was, and like to burst with laughter. You can't deceive a father's eye," observed Mr. Simcoe, with sudden gravity. "If you don't believe me, Miss Mabel, just look up at him, quite straight, when he gives out the text next Sunday, and see whether he don't at once begin to stammer and blush. Now just do that, and see."

Mabel courteously but firmly declined to venture upon this experiment.

"Well," said Mr. Simcoe, rising slowly, and speaking with quite a plaintive accent, "it seems that I have come on a fruitless errand. I have been indifferent honest—for a business man—and when men have said to me, 'Well, we can't trade,' I've mostly been able to reply to them, 'That's your loss as much as mine.' But here, Miss Mabel, I can't say that; I feel that this is my loss and Claude's—not yours. However, we shall be as good neighbors as ever, I hope. For my part, at least, I promise you that, though you have declined a father-in-law, you have not lost a friend. Good-by, lass, and God bless you." He lingered on the door-step to sigh, and shake his ponderous head. "How deuced well you look in that blue apron! I'm main sorry for poor Claude!"

Mabel was sorry too, and not only for Claude. Her hopeful scheme of obtaining the organist's place at St. Etheldreda's was put an end to at once and forever by this unlooked-for communication. It was impossible that she could apply for an ecclesiastical situation, the acceptance of which would cause the officiating minister to wear his robes inside out, and break down in his sermon. She sat down at the table, with her head in her hands, to think out some new plan. She was not without devices—humble projects for adding her mite to Martha's scanty income—even now; but it is not necessary to describe them. An event was about to happen which, in its consequences, was fated soon to place them in the limbo of purposes unfulfilled.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FOREBODINGS.

IT was the third morning after Mr. Simcoe's visit, and not more than a week since Martha had undertaken the culinary department, and Mabel had donned the blue apron and accepted the port-folio of (above stairs) domestic affairs, when an incident occurred which was destined to be a turning-point in their existence. There is at least one of these in most of our lives. We come to a cross-road with a finger-post that points both up and down hill. If we have been hitherto pursuing the latter course, the indication to *Prosperity* is in most cases very attractive, for it seems that *Happiness* must also lie in the same direction. But let us not anticipate, and especially do not let us attempt to guess at which of these two virgins will be wise, and which—well, oversanguine; for if we do, we shall probably be wrong.

They were seated at breakfast, where they held great state, which was maintained so long as the excellent Rachel's services were in requisition. Not till noon, when the front-door banged behind her—she always banged it—did they suddenly descend from their high station and, as Cinderella did at 12 P.M., after the ball, commence their menial toil. Rachel brought in a letter on a japanned salver, and Martha, to whom it was addressed, having eyed it with suspicion, laid it down beside her plate. She did not recognize the handwriting, and experience had already taught her that one should complete one's breakfast before opening an envelope that may contain a bill.

"It's registered," remarked Rachel, sententiously; "and the man's a-waiting in the rain."

"Registered?" cried Martha Barr. "Oh dear! Give me the pen and ink. There, take him the receipt. The idea of its being registered, my dear Mabel; think of that!"

"But why don't you open it?" inquired Mabel, calmly.

"Ah, my darling," sighed Martha, "it's clear you have not long been accustomed to be poor. To be sure, there are such things as love-letters, though I know nothing about *them*, the mere outsides of which are said to make the heart beat, and the color come and go; but those are only for young people. Now a registered letter is adapted for all stages of life, my dear. I've had one at school, from my poor mother, with half a sovereign done up in the seal, if the postman hadn't stole it; and once I had ten pounds sent me at a very sad time (it was to bury her) from a friend, who never revealed himself, but who, I know, must have been your own dear father, and no one else; and this is the third."

Here she broke the seal, and uttered a great cry of joy.

"What is it, Martha?"

"I don't know, my child, except that it's bank-notes. I'm all of a tremble, and haven't a dry thread upon me. Open it yourself, my darling; do."

Mabel obeyed, though not without some trembling too.

"There are two notes," she said.

"*Two* notes? Now think of that!"

"For a hundred pounds apiece."

"A *what?*"

Mabel repeated her statement. "There is no letter; but inside the envelope is written—From a Friend."

"For these and all His mercies the Lord's name be praised!" exclaimed Martha, fervently; then she burst into tears. "He has not chastened me long for my venturesomeness and obstinacy," sobbed she; "my darling has not been put to shifts and toil for very long. All that is over now. I'll ring at once, and tell our good Rachel the glad news; and then I'll just run over to Miss Jennings, for I know she takes her as much for my sake as her own, and—"

"But, my dear Martha," interposed Mabel, gravely, "do you think it will be right to keep the money, not knowing from whom it comes?"

"But I do know, my darling. Who on earth *should* it come from but Cousin Job? I would never have asked him for a shilling—not even *now*" (and she put her hand in Mabel's, lovingly); "but since he has sent it of his own freewill, I accept it gratefully. Why, fifty pounds will pay all we owe in the world, and the rest is quite a little fortune! When people like Cousin Job do make a present, it is almost always a handsome one like this. See, the envelope has the London post-mark; I am quite persuaded that it's Cousin Job."

"You had better write and ask, I think," said Mabel, doubtfully.

"Of course; I'll write and *thank* him for it," answered Martha, "which will make certain. But who else *could* have sent it? If it had come to *you* instead of me, I should have said it was Mr. Duncombe; but then, from what I know of him, I am sure he would have written to—to apologize, as it were."

Mabel nodded acquiescence. She did not think it was Mr. Duncombe, but still less did she believe that the money came from Cousin Job. There were two persons much more likely to have sent it, and the idea that either should have done so filled her with unutterable shame. It was impossible, however, to communicate her suspicions to Martha at present; it would be time enough to do so when Cousin Job had repudiated all share in so uncharacteristic a transaction. In the mean time the notes were kept in Martha's desk. If she could not spend them, she already, in imagination, enjoyed the fruition of them. She was in such tiptop spirits that Mr. Samuel Simcoe, whom she met that evening, inquired whether she was going to be married.

"You are a very impudent man," she said; and then, unable to withstand the old gentleman's cordiality of manner, and burning to communicate her good fortune, she told him what had happened.

"I'm delighted to hear it," exclaimed he, gravely. "I wish I had sent it you myself."

"*You* send it? Why should *you* have sent it?" inquired Martha, simply.

"Why, indeed?" replied the old gentleman, not without some confusion. "But, at all events, I did not; I never did any thing so smart as that in my life. Cousin Job must be a good fellow—if it *was* Cousin Job."

"Why, that's what Mabel says," cried Martha; "as if it could possibly be any body else."

"Well, if she asks, you may say, at all events, that it was not me," growled Mr. Simcoe; and with that he trotted away.

"His manner was most extraordinary, my dear," said Martha, when relating this interview to Mabel. "He really seemed to think that you might have attributed the thing to himself, so anxious he was to disclaim it. He is such a funny man."

One of the two persons who had fallen under Mabel's suspicion being thus exonerated, the probability in favor of the other's guilt—for such she deemed it—became very great. This money could have come, in short, but through one channel. Who was rich enough to have sent it? Who could have had any object in sending it, except Mr. Miles Winthrop? She did not believe that he had forgotten her—he was not a man likely to forget any thing upon which he had once set his mind; and she had hitherto given him credit, since he had been informed by Mrs. Marshall of her fallen fortune, for delicacy of feeling in not persecuting her with offers of assistance—those proofs of disinterested friendship which he had once threatened to exhibit in case she should need them; but he had only bided his time, it seemed, and selected it most opportunely for his purpose. It was skillful of him, too—and very, very cruel—to have sent this money to Martha, and not to herself. It would be a very bitter cup to have to explain the matter to her hostess, when Cousin Job's denial should arrive; but she made up her mind that it should be explained at all costs. Nothing should then induce her to touch that money, or to let Martha touch it; whatever happened she would put herself under no obligation to Mr. Winthrop. And yet how was she to decline his proffered gift, while a particle of a doubt existed as to who was the giver? To express her conviction by letter that Mr. Winthrop had sent her two hundred pounds, when, as a matter of fact, he had sent nothing, would be terrible indeed, and worse than all. Her cheeks turned crimson at the thought of it.

In the mean time not a syllable of reply came from Cousin Job.

"That is so like him, my dear," explained Martha. "He is just the man to be obstinate about confessing to a good action, particularly in a case like this, where it would seem like owning himself to have been in the wrong for years. I am not in the least surprised. Now if he had *not* sent this money, he would have written a most discourteous letter in reply to mine, to ask upon what grounds I took him for such a fool."

"You mean to make use of these two hundred pounds, then?"

"Surely, my dear child; it would be flying in the face of Providence not to do so. Here are all our little bills paid; our good Rachel restored to us; and quite a fortune to go on upon. Better than all—as your dear father would have said—'an opportunity for benevolence has been afforded to a fellow-creature;' that was a favorite expression of his when he had screwed any thing for his poor people out of a rich man."

Mabel had no sufficient answer to this reasoning; and her chagrin was the greater inasmuch as she well knew that, even if this help did come from the quarter thus indicated, it was solely upon her [illegible] her hostess had accepted it. Martha's independence of character, in matters that concerned herself only, was as great as ever; but it had broken down—as, to human nature's credit, it often will do—when the pressure was applied indirectly through one she loved.

The little bills were paid, the excellent Rachel was reinstated in her former high command, and all things went on as before, even to the tea-parties, with their shrimps and sacred music. Mr. Simcoe was not so merry as of yore; Mr. Claude was a shade more desponding; and the object of his hopeless attentions naturally relished these entertainments less than ever; but still it was evident that a weight had been removed from Martha's mind, and this was, at any rate, a source of satisfaction to Mabel. Moreover, as time went on, she began to hope that Cousin Job might, after all—like Sir John Plumpudding of the Grange, who hanged himself one morning for a change—have undertaken for once (as in a miracle play) the part of the good Samaritan.

It seemed as though her lot was cast for life in the little harbor where it now lay, never more to be agitated, save by the miniature storms that raged between Simcoeite and anti-Simcoeite. The pleasures of such an existence, such as they were, were denied to her; she was unable to appreciate the triumph of the Sisterhood of St. Etheldreda, when it oozed out, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to hush it up, that the secretary of the Dorcas Society was given to liquor, and carried brandy in her smelling-bottle; nor, on the other hand, could she share the wild joy of "the Dorcas," when one of the sisters, devoted to celibacy and sacred vestments, eloped on a saint's day with the church beadle! Since scandal failed to interest her, the ordinary gossip of Brackmere was, of course, flat and insipid enough. Its continual dropping might have worn a heart of stone away; but she had wisely shut her ears against it from the first. Miss Jennings paid a daily visit, whether it was wet or dry; if the former, she wore pattens, and in them afforded a living illustration of the cynic's representation of her sex:

> "Hear the pretty ladies talk
> Tittle-tattle, tittle-tattle;
> Like their pattens when they walk
> Pittle-pattle, pittle-pattle."

The numerical state of the congregation at the new church; the price of periwinkles; the increasing size of dear Mr. Simcoe, "which was *such* a pity"—such were her topics. An arrival or departure in Brackmere was a godsend to her, for in winter-time such incidents were very rare.

One morning she came open-mouthed with the news that a gentleman had put up at *The George*—apparently with the intention of a prolonged stay—with a body-servant, and no less than three horses. His name was Widdrop or Wildrop; his fortune immense; his air and appearance most distinguished. One of the horses would—or at least could—carry a lady; of that she was personally cognizant, because she had seen the groom riding out upon it sideways. How he stuck on she could not imagine.

"But how do ladies stick on when *they* ride on horseback?" asked Martha, smiling. She really did take some interest in this sort of talk, and had to affect more to make up for Mabel's rather marked indifference.

"I am sure I don't know," said good Miss Jennings; "I could never understand that, either."

Miss Jennings upon horseback would, indeed, have been a portent. Mr. Simcoe called in the afternoon, and discoursed on the same topic; not that gossip had much charm for *him*, but he was moved by all that related to the well-being of Brackmere, of which the arrival of a distinguished visitor in early spring was a most satisfactory proof.

"We are getting on," said he, clapping his huge hands. "It would be worth a pretty penny in my pocket if the fellow had but a handle to his name. I have sometimes thought of investing a hundred or so in a needy baronet for March and April. I'll have a paragraph in the local paper about this Mr. Winthrop; see if I don't.—Hollo! Dropped your work, Miss Mabel. I'm sorry I can't stoop to pick it up. Never can stoop now; not even to folly. It's 'lovely woman' that does that, though, ain't it? Talking of lovely women, old Mrs. Jobblin has just called on me, and let me in for one pound five for her father's benefit. He was an actor about half a century ago, and they're going to give him a performance at the Assembly Rooms, to put a little money in his pocket—or to bury him with, as I should think. He's the oldest man in the world, and might have been exhibited on that account (as I told her) without any play at all. However, he's going to act in the 'Honest Farmer' on Thursday night, and you two ladies—why, Miss Mabel has run away!—must patronize him. I've brought you a couple of tickets in the best places."

"I'm sure you're very kind," said Martha. "Theatres are not much in my way, though I confess I see no harm in them; but I think it will do Mabel good. She wants a little shaking up, poor girl, for she has but a dull life of it with me. We'll be there, my good friend, for certain."

Mabel had flown up to her room, and locked the door behind her. The blow for which she had been looking so long that she had almost hoped might never fall had fallen, then, at last! If Mr. Miles Winthrop had indeed arrived at Brackmere, she could guess—too easily—the errand on which he had come. He had dispatched his anonymous gift, waited a reasonable time, until the money had been spent beyond redemption, and was now come in person—for repayment. It was a base and cowardly part to play, and not the behavior of a gentleman; and at one time in Mabel's life that consideration might have caused her to have acquitted Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot from suspicion of such a course of conduct. To a young lady of competent means, attractive and beautiful, whose father, too, is a beneficed clergyman of some force of character, society presents another aspect than that it shows to a penniless orphan. In her halcyon days every man whom Mabel met on equal terms had seemed to be a *gentleman*. She could never understand the rector's grim remark that the breed was dying out. The observation, indeed, was fallacious, inasmuch as at no time have specimens of that race been otherwise than very rare; but of that Mabel knew nothing. The ordinary acceptance of the term is catholic enough, since it includes all our beloved aristocracy, and all our county families, by right of birth; but the word has also another sense, which is not so comprehensive. In the school of adversity, where the definitions are very sharply defined, Mabel had learned this fact, and she felt that if she should count up all the true gentlemen with whom she had ever been acquainted upon her fingers—and one hand would have sufficed for the experiment—Mr. Winthrop of Wapshot would not have been included in the calculation. Self-conceit had no part in her apprehension that he had come down to Brackmere upon her account. She was much too alarmed and distressed to be influenced by vanity, even if it had been her nature to be so; which it was not. Was it likely that a man like Mr. Winthrop should have come down to Brackmere without some definite object? She thought over that last meeting between them on the cliff at Shingleton, and remembering his eager words, his trembling voice, and, above all, that patient reply he had given to her denial, "I can not make up my mind that Providence is really against me in this matter," her heart sank within her. "I shall never, never forget *you*," he had said; "and if at any time there should come a chance of proving my devotion to your interests, I shall demand no guerdon beyond the gratification of assisting you." He would not demand it, perhaps, but would he not, very reasonably, expect it? In the court of honor, if not of law, had he not, in fact, advanced her two hundred pounds upon her personal security—to be redeemed only by her becoming his wife? As to repaying him the money, much of it was already spent; and to whom could she apply for help to make it good? A month ago her heart would have answered, "To Mr. Simcoe;" but to ask such assistance from that quarter *now* was impossible, since it would have placed her in precisely the same situation with respect to the Rev. Claude Simcoe as she felt herself to be in with respect to Mr. Miles Winthrop.

There was just one chance: if Mr. Winthrop should perceive that she studiously avoided him, if she took pains to prevent meeting with him, and succeeded, he might abstain from any direct persecution, such as coming to the house; his perseverance might wear out, and he retire, convinced that her answer to his suit was the same as that which she had already given him. With that slender hope she was obliged to be content, and from that moment she did her best to obtain the fruition of it. For days she remained within doors as resolutely as any princess in her tower forewarned by fairy godmother of some open-air misfortune. The simulation of a headache was her defense against all Martha's entreaties that she should venture forth, but it does not need an expert in domestic maladies (such as Martha was) to know that fresh air is not inimical to the headache. Her hostess was not, therefore, deceived by this simple device. She deemed that Mabel's disinclination for exercise was another symptom of that "moping," from indulgence in which she was so anxious to win her darling.

"I do hope, my dear, *at all events*," said she, in her gravest manner, "that you will not disappoint poor Mr. Simcoe by declining to make use of his ticket on Thursday; he quite *depends* upon seeing us."

Mabel had it upon her tongue to say, "Give my ticket to Miss Jennings," but she had not the heart to do it. Martha really "looked forward" to this altogether unaccustomed piece of gayety; and Mabel knew that it would be robbed of all its pleasure if Martha went without her: she would be thinking throughout the performance of the guest she had left unwell, or, what was worse, unhappy, at home. Moreover, little as Mabel knew of theatres, she reflected that no poor show, such as could be afforded by the *dramatis personæ* of the Brackmere Assembly Rooms, would be likely to attract Mr. Miles Winthrop.

"I dare say Mr. Simcoe would survive it, even if I were *not* to go to the play," answered she; then smiling roguishly, "but I will not disappoint somebody else, you dissipated old darling!"

Martha was delighted with this reply, and spent half an hour that evening in cleaning up a pair of ancient white kid gloves with bread crumbs, in preparation for her dramatic treat.

"I hope I sha'n't look fast and fashionable," said she, apologetically; "but since Mr. Simcoe has been so kind as to give us such good seats, one can't do less than do him credit, so far as appearance goes."

UNDER FIRE.

One of the pleasantest haunts in Versailles during the war was the Hôtel du Comte de Toulouse, where the charming little sketch on our first page this week was taken. There is a picturesqueness about it which alone would attract visitors. "I have often," writes an artist correspondent, "during the dreary siege, sat beside the mimic frog fountain in the window, with its big gold-fish embowered in a little grove of evergreens, and wished, for want of something to do, that I had a fishing-rod. Then there's the queer little counter where Sidonie sits darning the *serviettes*. I have seen that sacred counter invaded by a ruthless German, who found the position a very hot one to hold, he was under such a fire from Sidonie's eyes! Then there's the funny spiral staircase, up and down which the garçon goes. I dislike that garçon in spite of his spotless, highly decorated shirt and absence of waistcoat. Yet I believe him to be an honest garçon, and I know he loves Sidonie to distraction. Look at him crouching like a jaguar on the spiral staircase over the head of the couple behind the counter, 'war to the knife' blazing in his fiery eyes. Ah! they trifle with an honest heart. His sole wish is the sudden death of the patron, his sole ambition to lead Sidonie to the altar, and install her mistress of the Comte de Toulouse. Till then he is content patiently to wait."

UHLAN AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

The Germans when they entered Paris had evidently made up their minds that the Arc de Triomphe, that record of German defeats, should serve as an Arc de Triomphe to grace their victory. They found it, however, swaddled in sand-bags, penned round with boardings for the protection of its sculpture; and, worse than all, the roadway beneath, along which they had proposed to march with hurrahs and tossing of helmets, was blocked up. As the first Uhlan rode round the pile, peering here and there to see if a thoroughfare of some sort were not discoverable, the people jeered at him. They had heard of people who couldn't find the key-hole, but here was one who had actually lost the doorway, and was looking exceedingly puzzled at his loss. At one time the jeers broke into fiercer noises. That was when a body of pioneers marched up. The people thought they were going to remove the obstructions, and cried out angrily; but the Germans had no such intention just then. Later on they did clear the arch, and there was a clear road for them when they marched out of Paris. The Uhlan no longer stood and wondered, but rode triumphantly under the arch of victories, shaking the blue and white pennant on his lance—they were Bavarian, not Prussian Uhlans—and shouting his "Hoch!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A son of the Emerald Isle wished to present a parrot to an intimate friend. He accordingly called on a dealer, who, having just sold his last parrot, persuaded Mike to buy an owl, which he claimed as belonging to a rare and valuable species of parrots. Mike paid three dollars for the bird, and immediately marched off with it to the house of his friend, who was highly pleased with it. About four weeks after, Mike again called to see the progress the polly had made. "And how does she spaik?" asked Mike. "She don't spaik at all—niver a word since the day you brought her." Mike was off in a jiffy to ask the dealer why the bird didn't speak. "She hasn't spaiked one word as yit," said Mike, as soon as he could get breath. "Oh," replied the man of business, with cool assurance, "he's not a great speaker, but a very great thinker." Mike left, nonplused.

Acquired Tastes—Olives and babies.

The difference between a watch-key and a captain on the look-out for squalls is that one winds the watch, and the other watches the wind.

Dead Language—Ghosts' gossip.

Why should authors write lengthy books?—Because their ideas, scattered in short tales, would appear *in-different* stories.

To Protect the Chest—Put a lock on it.

If you called on your sweetheart at dinner-time, and staid till gas was "on," why should you be like Jupiter?—Because you would have *sat-till-lights*.

A Co-operative Movement—The tread-mill.

"Charley," said a fond mother to her son, "you are into that jam again." "No," replied the little pet, "you are wrong, ma; the jam is into me."

Advice to Anglers—Don't fish for compliments.

A But about Butts.—A man may be made the butt of a jovial party without any injury to himself or reputation; but if he is weak enough to permit himself to become the butt for rifle practice, he stands a fair chance of becoming a butt for the *bier*.

"Long and Successful Reign"—The deluge.

"Tom, where's that counterfeit ten-dollar bill you had a while ago?" "Well, I never was quite clear in my mind about dat are bill. Some days I thought it was a bad bill, and oder days I thought it was a good bill; and one o' dem days when I thought it was a good bill I jes' passed it away."

Advice to Children—Mind your mothers.

Advice to Mothers—Mind your children.

An old Dublin beggar-woman asked a lady the other day for a half-penny. "I've nothing for you," said the lady; "but if you go to the soup-kitchen you'll get a pint of excellent soup." "Soup is it, ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant; "do you call that stuff soup? Sure and I'll jist tell ye how they make it: they get a quart of water, and then boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

Bachelors, attention!—"Sally Grubbins," of "filadelfi," wishes to get married. Her "card" speaks for itself; here it is:

"A Huzband Wanted, by a young laideye of inconsiderabul pursenal detractions, and edikation. She is under fifty years of age, and of taul and delikate figger. She has one very fine i, having losed the other by an orful fitt of the smaul pocks; Her ackomplishments consists of Whistlin with grate pour and sweatness, and plantin pertaters. She has bin takin' lessins in boxin', and she is willin' to give ampill proffs to hoosoever marrees her. Apli at 147 more street, filadelfi."

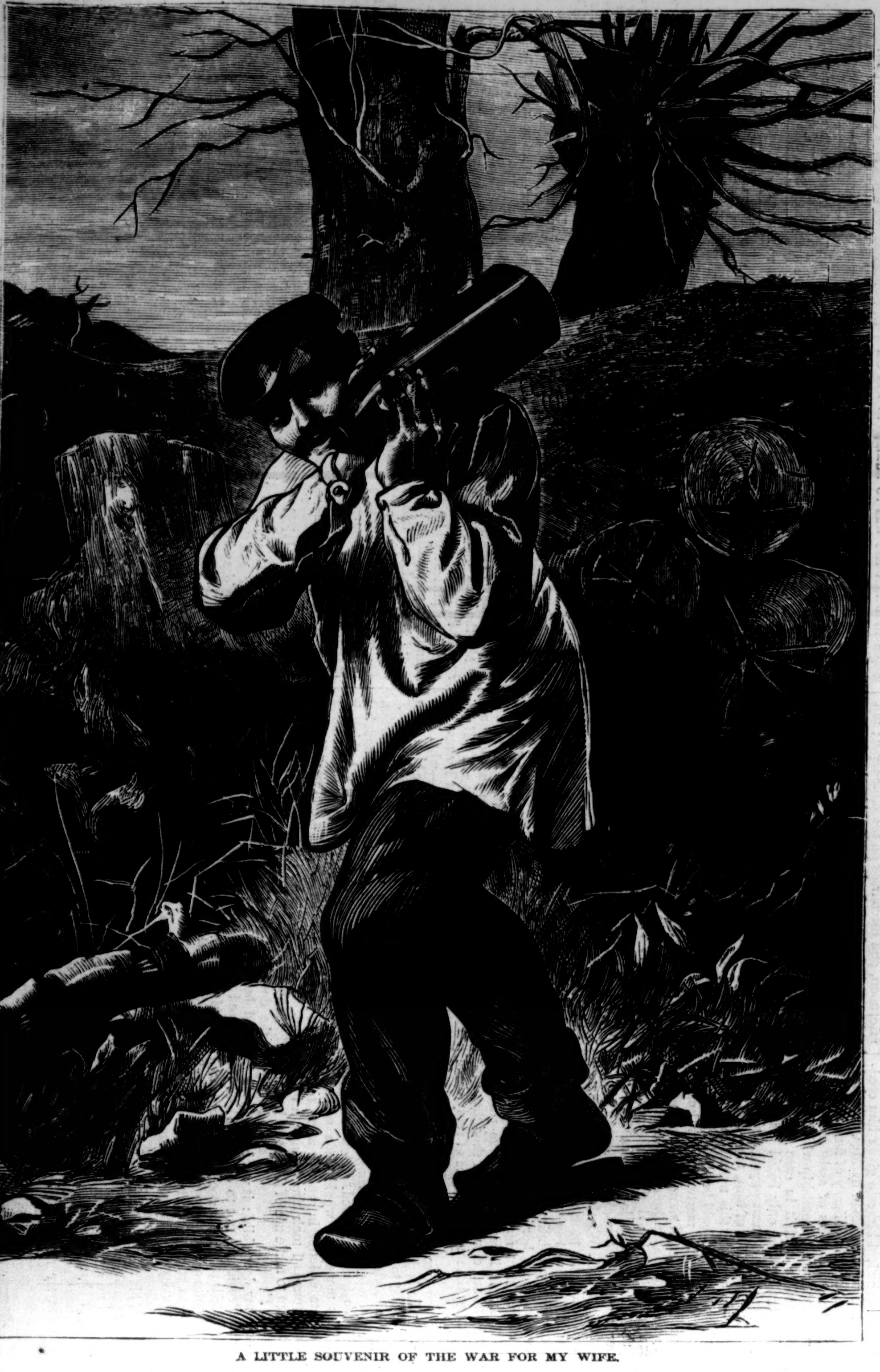
The Organ of Drunkenness—The barrel-organ.

A hungry man went to dine at a chop-house, and after waiting some few minutes, gruffly asked the waiter, "How long will my chop be?" "About five inches, Sir!" was the reply.

There's many a clove [illegible] ears patent-leather.

An Irishwoman, a few days ago, went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. She inquired the price, and he told her fifty cents. "It is too much," she said; but, with ready wit, she asked, "Would you pull two for seventy-five cents?" to which the obliging dentist consented.

Why is St. Valentine's Day like the autumn?—Because it is the time for pairs (pears).



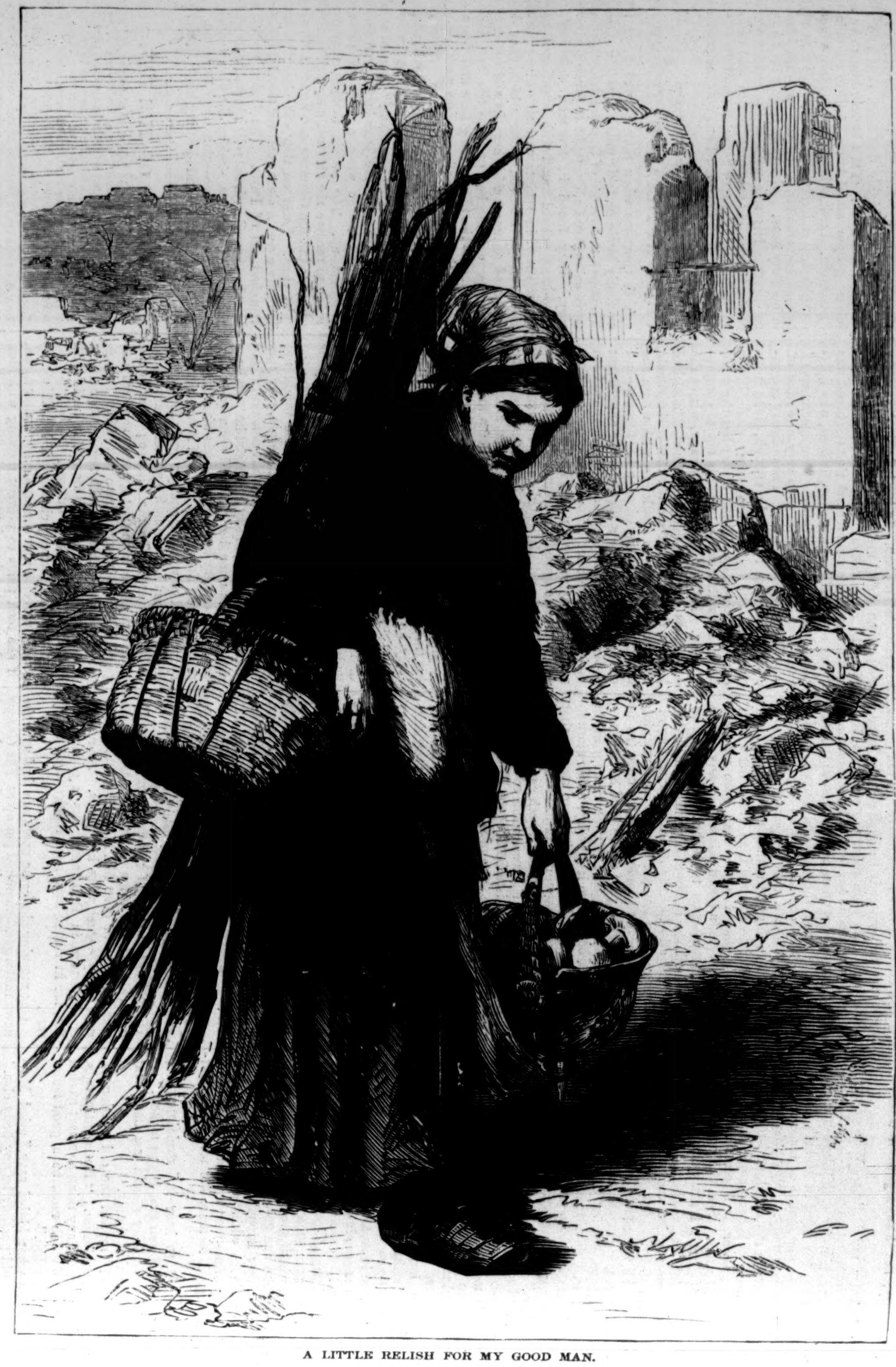
A LITTLE SOUVENIR OF THE WAR FOR MY WIFE.

TRIFLES AND TRUFFLES.

WHEN the gas is once more alight on the boulevards, and the glasses chink on the marble-topped tables before the cafés—when the theatres are filled with merry audiences, and the shop windows are glittering with pretty trinkets—when, in fact, the tourist has once more made Paris his paradise, shattered walls and felled trees will not be the only material evidences of what the city has gone through. Paris has been a battle-field, and all battle-fields leave a plenteous harvest after the fighting has ceased, in the shape of what we call relics. Broken blades, flattened bullets, epaulets, buttons, helmets, bits of shell, are gathered by the gleaners after the reapers have been reaping human harvests, and many a curious foreigner will carry away a memento of the great struggle—some waif and stray of the battle-field which an enterprising Parisian has been only too happy to sell him, having first been only too happy to make it. It is notorious that not one-half of the so-called relics are real relics. The walking-sticks made out of the *Royal George* would have built quite a respectable North German navy, and the relics from Waterloo would have equipped their army. As we can not believe them all to be genuine, the best plan is to have the firmest faith in your own particular relic, and disbelieve in all the rest. The trade is not, perhaps, strictly honest, but what would you have? The trader will say they are made to sell. This is true. But tourists are made to be sold. It is Providence.

One gentleman, however, has determined to have a *bona fide* souvenir of the war—the gentleman whom the artist has depicted in the first sketch on this page. He has gone out for himself, and picked up a thumping memento in the shape of a shell—a little trifle which he can show proudly in days to come. It is to be hoped that, if many of these mementoes are preserved in Parisian households, there may not be treasured up with them a sentiment of deadly hatred toward Germany. The present distress of the French may excuse for the time the bitterness which finds expression in bursts of muttered threats of future vengeance. We may be sure, however, that many such relics will be carefully kept as mementoes of this sad epoch of disastrous defeat—an epoch surpassing in sadness and misfortune that memorable occasion when storm-beaten Æneas cheered his despondent companions with the well-known sentence, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

The other sketch shows us a less ambitious collector. She has been out foraging for the good man who is doing his duty on the ramparts, and has found a treasure in some truffles, which will make his ration of horse-flesh palatable; but to be in keeping with the times a helmet serves her for a market-basket. That is all over now. She may hang her helmet on the wall, and go about her marketing in an orthodox manner, for Paris is once more open to the world; her markets are filled with provisions, and the market-women sit in their accustomed places, all the livelier for their enforced abstention from business; unless, indeed, the mad spirit of the revolution should triumph against law and order, and again bring upon the sorely tried people of Paris the horrors of that time when the guillotine counted its victims by the thousand, and the streets were red with blood. May Heaven avert the return of these horrors!

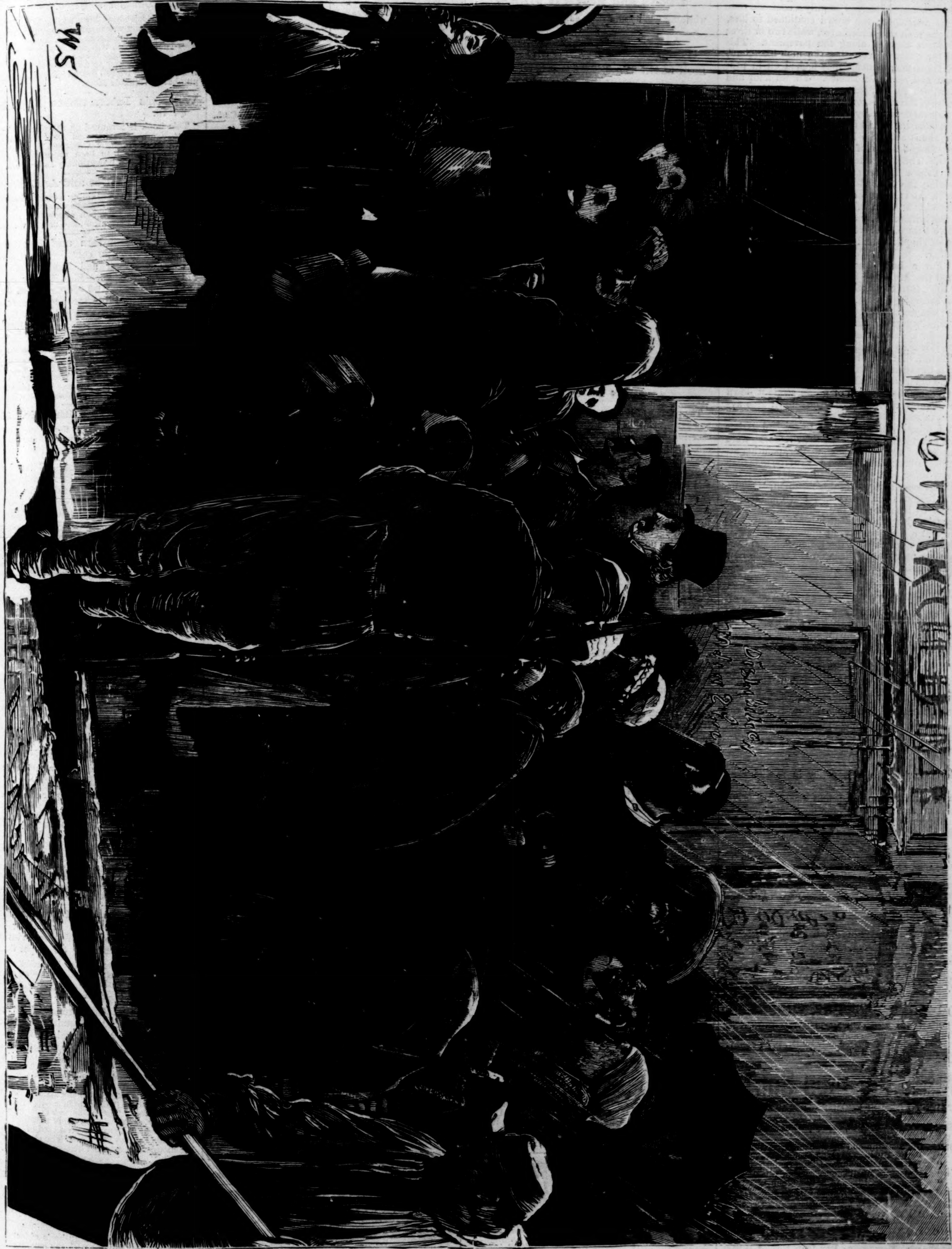


A LITTLE RELISH FOR MY GOOD MAN.

WAITING FOR PROVISIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT who visited Paris soon after the capitulation thus describes the scene depicted in the sketch on this page:

"The sight that interested me most on my last visit to Paris was a *queue*. They have been described often and often, and one *queue* is very like another *queue*, differing only perhaps in length. The one I saw was a very long one, because it was a very thin one. The pavement of the little street was narrow, admitting only two abreast, and so the *queue* went on and on till the street turned, and I believe that round the corner the *queue* still went on almost *ad infinitum*. Two National Guards kept the entrance to the little shop, and saw that the people filed in in order. The shutters of the shop were up, and on them was scratched in chalk the hours of the distribution. I stood a few steps up a street leading into this, and jotted down the people as they passed me two by two. They all had to go under the inscription on a café, '*Eau de vie, Liqueurs, Cotelettes, Biftecks.*' It was hard to be reminded of cutlets and beefsteaks as they went to get their miserable pittance of thin soup made of horse-flesh. I noticed a girl trying to take a place high up in the *queue*, but she was made to go down to the very end. *Chacun à son tour.* The *égalité* of the new republic must be vindicated even at the expense of the *fraternité* of the same. There was a drizzling rain all the time, and the road was being scraped and swept, making quantities of pea-soup, slush, and splendid mud-pies." Paris has several times been put upon rations. The practice was first introduced in the reign of LOUIS XVI., when bread riots were of frequent occurrence.



PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE—WAITING FOR FOOD.

THE GERMAN ENTRY INTO PARIS.

THE double-page illustration given in this Number shows the triumphal entry of the Germans into Paris, which took place on the 1st of March. The first who entered the city early in the morning were a party of six troopers led by a young officer, Lieutenant BERSHARDY, who rode through the Place de l'Étoile, going round the Arc de Triomphe, the obstructions beneath it not having been removed. Soon afterward he was joined by a squadron, and other small detachments followed. The main body, however, entered in the afternoon, after a grand review held by the German Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne. They were the Sixth and Eleventh Prussian corps—HARTMANN'S Bavarians, the Prussian Guards, including the infantry, Jägers, Schützen or Rifles, Leib Regiment or King's Own, detachments of cavalry, cuirassiers, Uhlans, dragoons, and hussars, field artillery and Engineers of the Guard, and some of the siege artillery and engineers. The entire number was about 30,000.

The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the scene: "The Duke of Coburg, General BLUMENTHAL, and their respective staffs rode in at the head of the troops, followed by a squadron of Bavarian hussars, whose bright pennons of blue and white silk, evidently brand-new for the occasion, fluttered gayly in the breeze. Then came two batteries of Bavarian artillery, and then rifles and infantry. It was evident that the Bavarians were to be allowed the honors of the day. There was the 'Leib Regiment,' with its shattered companies only a quarter of their original strength, and their flag hanging in ribbons from the stump of a broken staff—the regiment which has seen as hard fighting as any regiment in the war, and which I have seen go into battle eight times in eleven days. There was their weather-beaten general and the officers—few of them familiar to me now, for they had lost more than the entire number with which they had originally left Bavaria. As they marched past the Arc de Triomphe the band struck up the 'Wacht am Rhein,' and the mob began to hiss and whistle. At the same time an officer's horse slipped and fell, and a crowd pressed round the dismounted rider. Instantly a comrade rode to his assistance; the crowd continued to hiss, and one man was ridden over, while two or three horsemen charged along the pavement. This had the effect of scattering the mob like chaff, and from that moment they looked on in profound and respectful silence. For an hour and a half, or until half past three, did this incessant stream of Bavarians continue, with here and there an interval occupied by some general and his staff. Then came the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with men at his side who had been with him in the hard-fought fields of Orleans, Beaugency, and Mans. There were many familiar faces. Here was Prince LUITPOLD and VON DER TANN. Wearing the cocked-hat of an admiral rides Prince ADALBERT, of Prussia, and with him Prince ALBRECHT, of cavalry renown. But in all this brilliant array we look in vain for King or Crown Prince. There is, indeed, a curious mixture of simplicity and dignity in the whole proceeding.

"For a long time the whole of the space round the Arch was filled with soldiers waiting for their turn to march down the avenue, which was becoming pretty well packed by this time from the top to the bottom. Suddenly up rode BISMARCK himself, smoking a cigar, gazed at the scene for a few moments, and turned round and rode slowly away, without going beyond the crest of the hill. At last all the Bavarians had passed, and a Prussian regiment marched down the walk on the other side of the drive; then more Prussians came, but instead of going straight down the Champs Elysées they turned down side avenues in search of quarters.

"I mixed with the crowd to try and gather their general impression, but their remarks were generally of a most trivial character, pointing attention rather to the size and dress of the men than to any thing else. One small *gamin* remarked ostentatiously to a youthful companion, 'One of these brigands left the ranks; I at once ranged myself by his side; he instantly returned to the ranks;' and at this moment it is more than probable that a great part of the population of Paris delude themselves with the belief that the Germans are only on the Place de la Concorde now through their forbearance."

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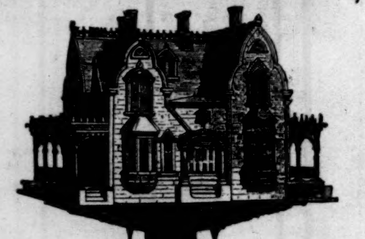

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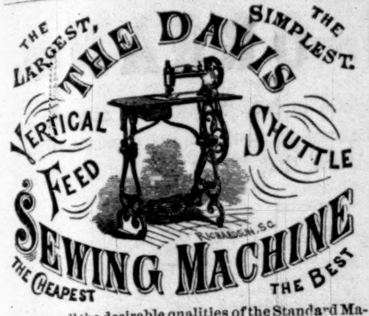

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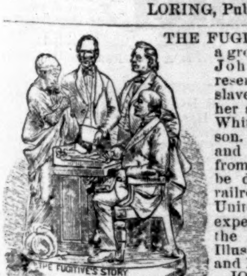

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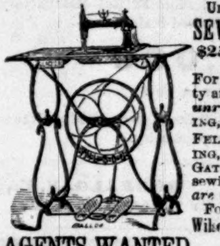

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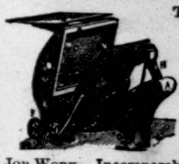

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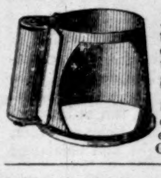

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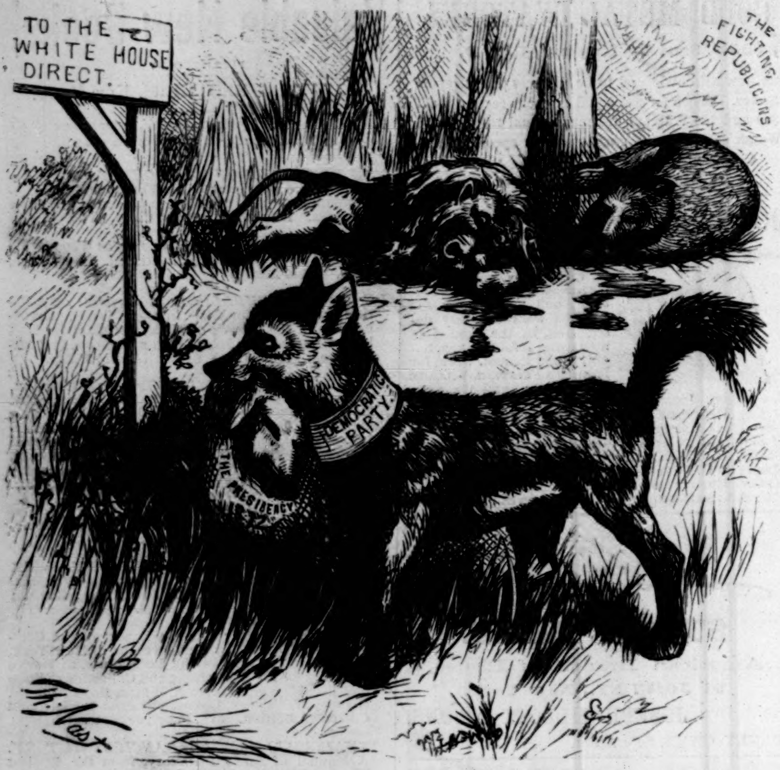
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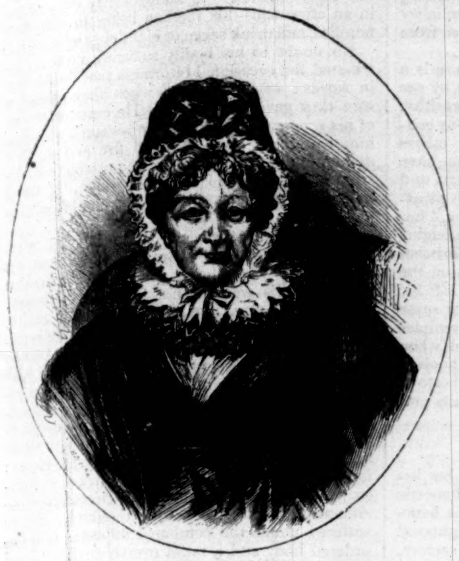
HANNAH MORE.

BY S. C. HALL.



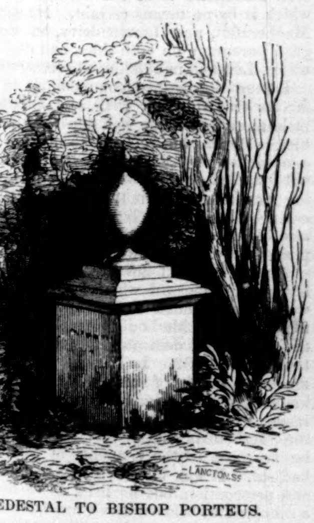
HANNAH MORE.

IN the year 1763 a lecturer on rhetoric visited the city of Bristol during a professional tour. He was accompanied by a youth, his son: that youth was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among his frequent auditors was a young girl—HANNAH MORE. I feel as if I were writing a far-off history, for she conversed with me concerning the circumstance to which I am referring, and which occurred upward of a century ago. Her name is, indeed, so linked with the past as to seem to belong to a remote generation; for when I knew her, in 1825, she had reached the patriarchal age of four-score, and her talk was of the historic men and women who had been her associates: Samuel Johnson, Edmund Burke, David Garrick; Bishops Porteus, Percy, Newton, and Watson; Mackenzie, Boswell, Sir William Jones, Southey, Chalmers, Wilberforce, Gibbon, De Lolme, John Locke, Magee, Mrs. Montague, and many others, famous men and women of her time, who honored and loved her as "a pure and humble yet zealous philanthropist." Her writings were admired by them all—by the religious and the skeptic, by the philosopher and the frivolous worldling; all found in them something to admire, and nothing to condemn; for her charity was universal. They were comprehended alike by the sagacious and the simple; were read and respected equally by the greatly learned and the comparatively ignorant. Prodigious, therefore, was the influence they exercised on her age. She is emphatically foremost among those to whom the poet refers, who,

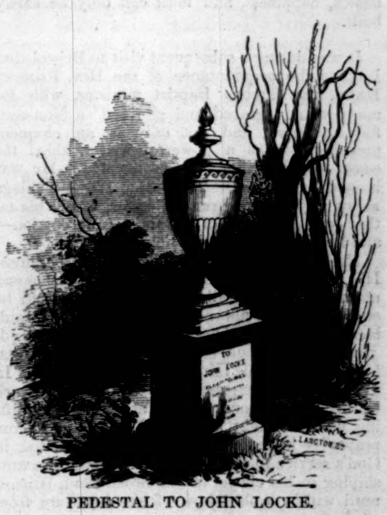
> "Departing, leave behind them
> Footprints on the sands of Time."

Yes! I seem indeed to be writing a far-off history when I recall to memory one who is of the eighteenth and not of the nineteenth century. She had sat for her portrait to Sir Joshua Reynolds when the artist was in his zenith, and she placed in my hands a play-bill of her tragedy of "Percy," in which David Garrick sustained the leading part. The painter and the actor were her dear friends.

I can but faintly picture now that venerable lady, who more than forty-five years ago received and greeted us with cordial warmth in her graceful drawing-room at Barley Wood, directed our attention to the records she had kept of glorious friendships with the truly great, spoke with humble and holy pride of her labors through a very long life, impressed upon our then fresh minds the wisdom of virtue, the inconceivable blessing of Christian training and Christian teaching, and hailed us with encouraging hope and affectionate sympathy just as we were entering the path she had trodden to its close—she who had been a burning and a shining light before we were born.



PEDESTAL TO BISHOP PORTEUS.

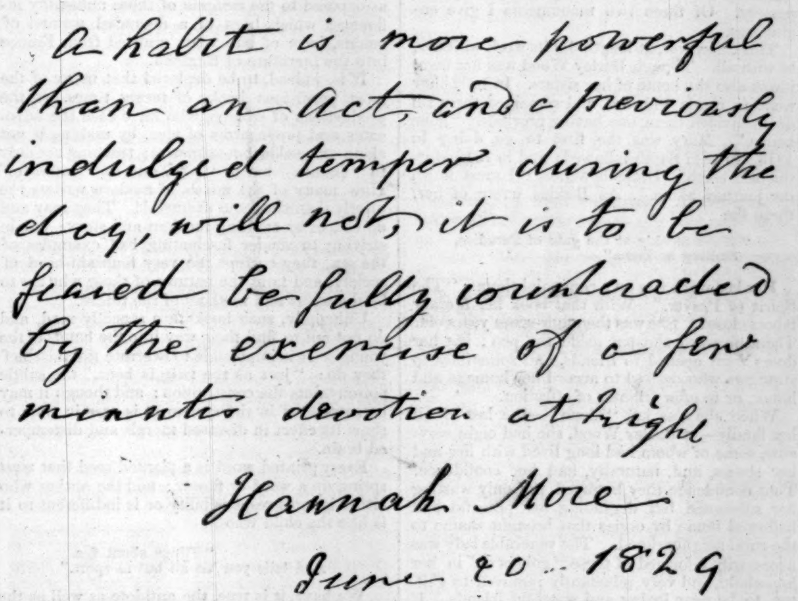


PEDESTAL TO JOHN LOCKE.

Her form was small and slight, her features wrinkled with age; but the burden of eighty years had not impaired her gracious smile, nor lessened the fire of her eyes, the clearest, the brightest, and the most searching I have ever seen. They were singularly dark—positively black they seemed as they looked forth among carefully trained tresses of her own white hair, and absolutely sparkled while she spoke of those of whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past. Her manner on entering the room, while conversing, and at our departure was positively sprightly; she tripped about from console to console, from window to window, to show us some gift that bore a name immortal, some cherished reminder of other days—almost of another world, certainly of another age; for they were memories of those whose deaths were registered before the present century had birth.

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of her:

> "Her brow was full and well sustained, rather than what would be called *fine:* from the manner in which her hair was dressed its formation was distinctly visible; and though her eyes were half closed, her countenance was more tranquil, more sweet, more holy—for it *had* a holy expression—than when those deep intense eyes were looking you through and through. Small and shrunk and aged as she was, she conveyed to us no idea of feebleness. She looked, even then, a woman whose character, combining sufficient thought and wisdom, as well as dignity and spirit, could analyze and exhibit, in language suited to the intellect of the people of England, the evils and dangers of revolutionary principles. Her voice had a pleasant tone, and her manner was quite devoid of affectation or dictation: she spoke as one expecting a reply, and by no means like an oracle. And those bright, immortal eyes of hers—not wearied by looking at the world for more than eighty years, but clear and far-seeing then; laughing, too, when she spoke cheerfully, not as authors are believed to speak—
>
> 'In measured pompous tones—'
>
> but like a dear matronly dame, who had especial care and tenderness toward young women. It is impossible to remember how it occurred, but in reference to some observation I had made, she turned briskly round and exclaimed, 'Controversy hardens the heart and sours the temper: never dispute with your husband, young lady; tell him what you think, and leave it to time to fructify.'"[*]



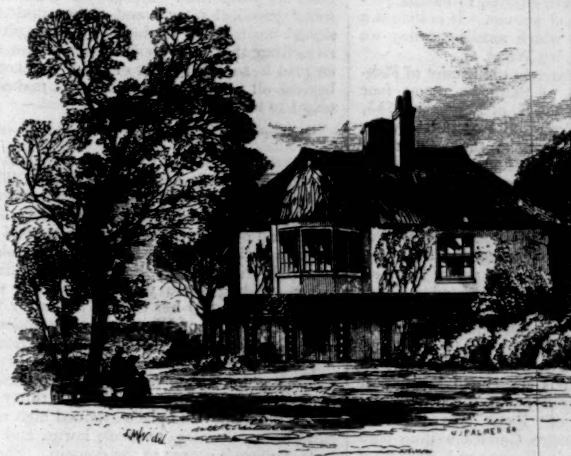
a habit is more powerful
than an Act, and a previously
indulged temper during the
day, will not, it is to be
feared be fully counteracted
by the exercise of a few
minutes devotion at night

Hannah More

June 20 - 1829

FAC-SIMILE OF HANNAH MORE'S HANDWRITING.

She was clad, I well remember, in a dress of rich pea-green silk. It was an odd whim, and contrasted somewhat oddly with her patriarchal age and venerable countenance, yet was in harmony with the youth of her step and her unceasing vivacity, as she laughed and chatted, chatted and laughed; her voice strong and clear as that of a girl, and her animation as full of life and vigor as it might have been in her springtime.



BARLEY WOOD.

She flourished at a period when religion was little more than a sound in England; when the clergy of the English Church were virtuous only in exceptional cases, and the flocks committed by the State to their charge were left in as utter ignorance of social and religious duties as if they had been really but sheep gone astray; when France was rendering impiety sacred, and raising altars tor the worship of Reason; and when in England there were vile copyists—professional propagators of sedition and blasphemy under the names of Liberty and Fraternity.

At that terrible time Hannah More came out in her strength. Her tracts, pamphlets, poems, and books aided largely to stem the torrent which for a while threatened to overwhelm all of good and just in these kingdoms. They inculcated as an imperative duty the education of the people, stimulated Gospel teaching by persuasions and threats addressed to those who had been appointed, at least by man, to the office of the ministry, and stirred up to be her helpers men and women of every class, from the humblest to the highest, from the cottage to the throne. She did her work so wisely as seldom to excite either prejudice or hostility. Those who might have been the bitter opponents of men so occupied were tolerant of zeal in a woman, and it can not be questioned that her sex sheltered her from assailants, while it empowered her to make her way where men would have failed of entrance.

She was not bigoted. There was in her nothing of coarse sectarianism opposing skepticism in phraseology harsh and uncompromising. Her mind had ever a leaning, and her language always a tendency, to the Charity that suffereth long and is kind. What was meant for mankind she never gave up to party; though a thorough member of the Church of England, she saw no evil motive in those who counseled withdrawal from it; though with her Faith was the paramount blessing of life, and the first and great commandment Duty to God, she inculcated all the duties of that which is next to it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—that which has been well termed "the eleventh commandment;" nor had she any value for the religion that consisted mainly of idle or listless observance—cold adherence to outward formalities—nor any trust in that dependence on Providence which is but a mere admission of belief. There was no taint of asceticism in her piety—no abnegation of enjoyment under the idea that to be cheerful and happy is to displease God. Her religion was practical; she relished many of the pleasures which the worldly consider chief, and the "rigidly righteous" ignore as sinful. She might, indeed—and it is probable often did—apply to herself that line in the epigram of Dr. Young,

> "I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

In all her thoughts, words, and works she was in the service of One who

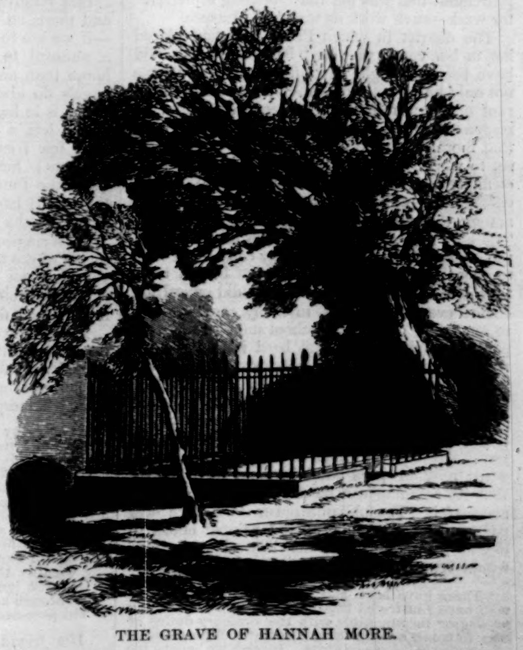
> "Must delight in virtue,
> And that which He delights in must be happy."

She especially labored to give religion to the young as a source of enjoyment that in no degree diminished happiness, and was constant in imploring youth not to postpone the blessing until age had rendered pleasure distasteful. "It is," she wrote, "a wretched sacrifice to the God of heaven to present Him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions."

While she never sought to lead woman out of her sphere, and is at once an example and a warning to the "strong-minded," she sought by all right means to elevate, and succeeded in elevating, her sex. In a word, her mission was to augment the sum of human happiness by wholesome stimulants to virtue, order, industry, as their own rewards, but of infinitely higher value as the preliminaries to a state for which life is but a preparation.

Her lessons were more especially impressive to those who learn that in widening the sphere of their duties they do not abridge those that essentially appertain to home. In her case there was comparative release from household cares, but she perpetually taught that there can be no excuse for their neglect by any labor of mind or pen, by any occupation that is suggested by philanthropy or religion.

It was from this cause chiefly that she excited no suspicion. If men often grudgingly and ungraciously admit female talent, it is seldom from any principle of jealousy; it is rather a dread that it will abstract from the power of the domestic virtues, rendering woman less the deity of home, and dwarfing her as a mother, a daughter, a sister, or a wife. In the far-off time when Hannah More flourished, and to which our memory takes us back, that dread was very generally felt. There are now so many examples of genius in woman, with its ample exercise and full employment—which in no way imply exemption from her leading business in life—that alarm on this head



THE GRAVE OF HANNAH MORE.

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[*] "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," by Mrs. S. C. HALL. London: Virtue. 1853.

has much if not entirely subsided. To teach that lesson was one of the many good works of Hannah More.[*] She was, therefore, one of those to whom England owes much of its greatness; and though she has been forty years in her grave, to utter a prayer of gratitude over it is a duty that any writer may covet.

My readers will permit me to dwell somewhat on the privilege we have enjoyed in having personally known this good woman. It is indeed a happy memory—that which recalls the day we passed with her at Barley Wood.

Hannah More was born in the hamlet of Fishponds, in the parish of Stapleton, about four miles from Bristol, on the 2d of February, 1745, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago! Her father—a man, as she tells us, of "piety and learning"—inherited "great expectations," but, reduced to a comparatively humble position, he became master of the Free School at Fishponds, married, and had five daughters, all good and gifted women, of whom Hannah was the fourth. In 1757 they opened a boarding-school at Trinity Square, Bristol, where Hannah, though but twelve years old, assisted. Their school flourished. Hannah, at seventeen, produced a poem, "The Search after Happiness," and continued to write—fugitive verse principally—until her fame was established by the production of that which is considered the loftiest efforts of genius, a tragedy.

In 1777 her tragedy of "Percy" was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, Garrick writing both the prologue and the epilogue, and sustaining the principal part in the play. Afterward she wrote other plays, but their success was, by comparison, limited. A friendship with the great actor then commenced, which endured till his death, and was continued to his widow until, in 1822, she also died, at the patriarchal age of ninety-one.

In this age, when female talent is so rife—when, indeed, it is not too much to say of women that they are, in many ways, maintaining their right to equality with men in reference to the productions of mind—it is difficult to comprehend the popularity, almost amounting to adoration, with which a woman writer was regarded little more than half a century ago. Mediocrity was magnified into genius, and to have printed a book, or to have written even a tolerable poem, was a passport into the very highest society. Nearly all the contemporaries of Hannah More are forgotten; their reputation was for a day; hers has stood the test of time.[†] She receives honor and homage from the existing generation, and will "live for aye in Fame's eternal volume."

But her renown has by no means arisen from her poems, lyrical or dramatic; from her tales, social or moral; from her tracts, abundant as they are in sound practical teachings; from her collected writings in eight thick volumes: it is founded on a more solid basis. Many of her books were produced "for occasions," and are in oblivion with the causes that gave them birth. "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," her only novel, yet survives. It appeared in 1808, and enjoyed a popularity that would seem prodigious even now; for within one year it passed through twelve editions, and her share of the profit exceeded two thousand pounds. It was written during a period of intense bodily suffering. "Never," she says, "was more pain bound up in two volumes." Although she lived to be so very aged, she had ever "a peculiarly delicate constitution," "rarely experienced immunity from actual disease," having, as she states in one of her letters, "suffered under more than twenty mortal disorders." She might have been pardoned if her life had been passed in listless ease and profitless inaction; but her active industry was absolutely wonderful; her literary labor was done in retirement, apart from the trouble and turmoil of the busy world—retirement that was but the "bracing of herself" for work—such work as was true pleasure.

The district in which Providence had placed her in her youth was as "benighted" as could have been a jungle in Caffre-land: the people not only knew not God—they were utterly ignorant of moral and social duties, and ignored all responsibility in thought, word, and deed. In that moral desert Hannah More and her sisters set to work. The inevitable opposition was encountered. Neighboring farmers had no idea of encouraging education, or of tolerating religion among the outcasts who did their daily work. The one, they argued, made them discontented; the other, idle; while the clergy considered such teachers as mere poachers on the barren tract they called theirs. Not only thus did opposition come: even the parents, in many cases, refused to send their children to school unless they were paid for doing so;[‡] and hard indeed seemed the toil to which these good sisters were devoted; but they persevered, God helping them. Very soon schools were established, and not schools only: the sick and needy found ministering angels in these women, and for all their physical wants they had comforters. It is only when religion goes hand in hand with charity that its teaching can be effectual and its efforts successful. The philanthropists who give *only* tracts to feed the hungry, and printed books to clothe the naked, work as idly as those who would reap the whirlwind. They have not the example of Hannah More. Under her system prejudices broke down; her experiments led to undertakings; large institutions followed her small establishments for the ailing, the ignorant, or the wicked. The rich were taught to care for the poor, and in that little corner of England that lies under the shadow of the Cheddar hills a beacon was lit that at once warned and stimulated the prosperous. The piety of Hannah More was "practical piety," and to her must be assigned much of the distinction this kingdom derives from that all-glorious sentence now so often read in so many parts of it—a sentence that, beyond all others in our language, makes, as it ought to make, an Englishman proud—

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

I have been tempted to wander somewhat from the theme more immediately in hand. The sisters kept their school in Bristol for thirty-two years; but Hannah, though nominally one of them, had other vocations, not the least of which was the society she loved, and in which she was received with honor, homage, and affection. After residing some years at Cowslip Green, she built (in 1800) her cottage at Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, eight miles from Bristol. The site was happily chosen, commanding extensive views, in a healthy locality overlooking a luxuriant vale; many cottages and hamlets within ken. During the thirty years of her occupancy the place attained high rank in rural beauty; walks, terraces, lawns, and flower beds soon were graces of the domain. She lived to see the saplings she had planted become trees in which the thrush and blackbird built, and where nightingales sung. In the grounds was an urn, on a pedestal, inscribed, "In grateful memory of long and faithful friendship," to Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London. There was another to John Locke, and there were others that I have forgotten. These mementoes were skillfully placed under the shadows of umbrageous trees, and beside them were openings through which were obtained charming views of adjacent scenery. Of these two monuments I give engravings.

Time, however, at length did its work with her, as with all. Though Barley Wood was her own, it was also the home of her sisters. In 1802 they went to reside with her, and remained there till death divided them, one having previously "gone hence." Mary was the first to go, dying in 1813; in 1817 Sarah followed; and in 1819 Martha left earth. Hannah writes, "I must finish my journey alone." As Bowles wrote of her, there she

"Waits meekly at the gate of Paradise,
Smiling at Time."

Her last work was on a congenial theme, "The Spirit of Prayer." With that book her literary labors closed. She was then four-score years old. Thenceforward she put aside the pen; but her doors were opened to friends, and sometimes to strangers who desired to accord her homage and honor, or to offer tributes of affection.

When she was left "alone"—the last of all her family—at Barley Wood, she had eight servants, some of whom had long lived with her and her sisters, and, naturally, had her confidence. That confidence they betrayed, not only wasting her substance, but degrading her peaceful and hallowed home by orgies that brought shame to the rural neighborhood. The venerable lady was necessarily informed of these "goings on" in her household, and very reluctantly removed to Clifton, to be near loving and watchful friends. It was a mournful day, that on which she quitted the cottage endeared to her by time and association. "I am driven like Eve out of Paradise, but not by angels," she murmured, as she left the threshold.

She removed to 4 Windsor Terrace, Clifton, and there, on the 7th September, 1833, she died—if we are to call that Death which was simply a removal to a far better and more beautiful home than any she had had on earth—"where angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

She left a large fortune behind her. There were few friends who needed, and she had no relatives; her wealth, therefore, went to augment the funds of public charities—principally those of Bristol, and there are thousands who today enjoy the blessings thus bequeathed to them.

In Wrington church-yard repose the mortal remains of the five sisters. A large stone slab, inclosed by an iron railing, covers the grave, and contains their names, the dates of their births and of their deaths.

I copy one of a series of very beautiful sonnets commemorating many phases and incidents connected with the career of Hannah More, written by her esteemed friend and biographer, the Rev. Henry Thompson:

"When every vernal hope and joy decays,
When Love is cold, and Life is little worth,
Age yields to Heaven the thankless lees of Earth,
Offering their Lord the refuse of his days:
Oh, wiser she, who from the voice of Praise,
Friendship, Intelligence, and guiltless Mirth,
Fled timely hither, and this sylvan hearth
Reared for an altar! not with sterile blaze
Of Vestal fire one mystic's cell to light—
Selfish devotion; but its warmth to pour
Creative through the cold chaotic night
Of rustic ignorance; thence, bold, to soar
Through hall and regal tower with radiant flight,
Till peer and peasant bless the toils of More."

Her friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted her portrait (it would be interesting to know where it now is). "It represents her small and slender figure gracefully attired; the hands and arms delicately fine, the eyes large, dark, and lustrous; the eyebrows well marked and softly arched; the countenance beaming with benevolence and intelligence."[*] The portrait represented her in her prime. That of which I give an engraving at the head of this chapter was painted by Pickersgill somewhere about the year 1822, when she had reached her eightieth year. She sat, however, to other artists—among them Opie, whose portrait is that of a plain woman of middle age, the features illumined by the deep and sparkling black eyes, that had lost none of their brilliancy when I knew her. The autograph is copied from a passage she wrote in Mrs. Hall's Album.

The whole career of Mrs. Hannah More is a striking example of what can be effected by *one* woman—a woman neither high-born, nor wealthy, nor beautiful, nor, in what is understood to constitute genius, as highly gifted as many others whose names are histories. Her dramas have had no sustaining power to keep the stage, and her poems, as poems, are little more than pleasing trifles; but her "Cheap Repository," her book on "Female Education," her "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," her "Christian Morals," her "Spirit of Prayer," "Hints on the Education of a Princess," "Character of St. Paul," and her "Practical Piety," despite some occasional "conventionalities," are the temples in which her memory is enshrined; and when we recall the formation of those Poor Schools—when we remember that neither the time bestowed upon them nor upon her literary pursuits prevented her fulfilling her duty to the

"Great Father of all,"

in whom "she lived and moved and had her being"—when we learn how faithfully her domestic duties were discharged, while she was the benefactor of the poor, the instructor of the ignorant—when we remember what she was to society, and recall the kind, playful, unostentatious womanliness of her nature, we do greatly rejoice in the triumph of *usefulness*. We gaze with reverence upon the clear beacon-fire she kindled, so different from the phantom lights that dazzle to betray; and we recommend most earnestly to our countrywomen the study of such a life and its results—happiness obtained and conferred—as opposed to the *malaria* of those unhealthy influences which, born of a degraded woman of genius, have of late years crawled from France into the literature of England.

It is, indeed, to be deplored that many of the most pernicious books of recent times are the productions of women, who have been the advocates and propagators of vice, by making it not alone excusable, but attractive; teaching not only to "endure," but to "pity" and to "embrace." How many of the novels of modern writers are utterly shameless and shameful! They may and do charm by exciting incident and story; but in striving to render fascinating bad examples of the sex, they corrupt the very fountain-head of society, and taint the natures of those who are to be the wives and mothers of the future.

Unhappily, such books are greedily read, and do not fail to find their way into the hands of the young. It is impossible to overrate the mischief they do: "just as the twig is bent," the subtle poison taints the constitution; and though it may be suspended in the system, it is sure in time to show its effect in diseased morals and distempered brain.

Every printed word is a planted seed that *must* spring up a weed or flower; and the author who either ignores responsibility or is indifferent to it is like the child who

"Flings about fire,
And tells you 'tis all but in sport."

We have, it is true, the antidote as well as the bane; and, thank God, there are women not a few who work with the pen, in fervent, earnest, and hopeful advocacy of the cause of God and man. Those who seek the good and pure in literature find an ample supply by which the best affections and the holiest aspirations are nurtured, strengthened, and augmented; but it is none the less a duty to protest against the many evil publications—novels more especially—that have general and wide popularity, such as are calculated, if they be not intended, to spread moral and social pestilence, and destroy the foundations on which health, happiness, and faith can only be safely built.

It was during a subsequent visit to Bristol that I made the acquaintance of the Rev. ROBERT HALL, the famous Baptist minister, who for many years "graced and glorified" a Non-conformist pulpit, and not only as an eloquent preacher, but as a powerful writer, aided the cause to which his life was devoted. He was born at Arnsby on the 2d of May, 1764—a village about eight miles from Leicester, where his father was the pastor of a Baptist congregation—and he died at Bristol in February, 1831.

He was the youngest of fourteen children. His infancy was more than commonly feeble and unpromising: "until he was two years old he could neither walk nor talk;" and, it is said, learned his letters from the tombstones of an adjacent burial-ground. He made rapid progress, however, when his mind had accepted light. In 1780, having been set apart to the sacred work by his father's congregation at Arnsby—"lifting up their right hands and joining in solemn prayer"—he entered upon it, and labored in God's service to the close of a suffering life, worshiping in his chapel in the Broadmead, Bristol, until within a few days of his departure from earth.

He was not only a learned man and an eloquent divine, but a man of much literary taste. He is said to have been constitutionally indolent; but nearly all his life he suffered from a spinal disease that often incapacitated him for labor of any kind, and sometimes interrupted his discourses in the pulpit; generally, indeed, compelling him to keep to his easy-chair all day, and smoke tobacco, which he did to excess; but it was his only remedy to alleviate pain.[*]

When young he surpassed Dr. Johnson at drinking tea. "He has confessed to me," writes one of his friends, "to taking thirty cups of tea in an afternoon—his method being to visit four families, and drink seven or eight cups with each."

No doubt to his bodily suffering must be attributed the occasional bitterness that found vent in words: often, however, when they rubbed a sore they gave the plaster. He cured one man of his propensity to brandy-and-water by bidding him call for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation, and reproved a vain preacher who desired to know his opinion of a sermon, "I found one good passage, Sir—the passage from the pulpit to the vestry."

It is known, however, that he labored to repress his tendency to satire and severity as out of harmony with the character of a Christian teacher. His wit was not buoyant, boisterous, and exhilarating, like that of Sydney Smith, whom in person, and perhaps in mind, he somewhat resembled. But in no sense could he be described as morose, although suffering may have prevented his being often cheerful. He was essentially benevolent, and had the loving and active faith that never fails to keep away despondency from heart and mind. I have before me an impressive sentence:—"Keep away all gloom; for gloom insults God." That sentence was given to me under very peculiar circumstances—circumstances for which I am thankful. Yet he suffered under the combined influence of a disordered body and a mind overstrained—"jaded brains," as a modern physician calls the ailment[†]—and was, though for a brief time, the inmate of a private insane asylum.

I recall, with exceeding pleasure, a morning I passed with him at his residence in the Broadmead, Bristol, and the sermon I heard him preach on the subsequent Sabbath. I was about to write my remembrance of him; but his portrait is drawn by his friend, Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., so much better than I can draw it, that I adopt it:

"When I first saw Mr. Hall, I was struck with his well-proportioned, athletic figure, the unassuming dignity of his deportment, the winning frankness which marked all that he uttered, and the peculiarities of the most speaking countenance I ever contemplated, animated by eyes radiating with the brilliancy imparted to them by benevolence, wit, and intellectual energy."

In the pulpit there was usually evidence of physical weakness; his voice was never strong; he usually commenced slowly, and almost inaudibly, but as he proceeded he rose with his theme; became fervid, eloquent, and powerful; and the deep attention and rapt enthusiasm of his always large audience were ever amply recompensed. The Christian and the scholar were alike content; for every sentence he uttered seemed rounded and pointed so as to defy criticism, while his earnestness carried conviction to "the saving of many souls:" it was the outpouring of his own.

In 1799 he preached and published his famous sermon on "Modern Infidelity," concerning which Bishop Porteus recorded "his applause, veneration, and gratitude, due to the acute detector, perspicuous impugner, and victorious antagonist of the skeptical, infidel, and anti-Christian sophist." He believed, and therefore taught, that "of all fanaticism the fanaticism of infidelity was at once the most preposterous and the most destructive," and he no doubt aided largely in arresting the progress of the many detestable advocates of the Reign of Terror in France, who were then actively propagating "democracy and atheism conjointly."

It will not be considered "out of place" if I introduce here a memory of another remarkable man—the Rev. ADAM CLARKE. He also was a Dissenting minister—if the Methodists, of whom he was a distinguished member, are to be considered Dissenters from the Church of England, which is by no means certain. He was born at Magherafelt, near Londonderry, but was of English parentage on both sides, and died at Bayswater, London, in 1832, aged seventy-two.

I knew the learned commentator in Cork so far back as the year 1819, and, although I was little more than a boy, had much intercourse with him. He was but a visitor to that city, and not a resident there. I knew him also in London, not long before his death. He was then dwelling for a time with his two sons, who were printers near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. I knew also his daughter, a very estimable and accomplished lady. All now have passed from earth.[‡]

He had been a fellow-laborer with John Wesley in the vineyard when it was choked with weeds, and yielded little fruit. The venerable founder of the Methodists had laid his hand on the youth, and dedicated him to the ministry: that was in 1782. In after life the doctor loved much to speak of his early, though limited, knowledge of the great man; and his mortal remains were interred in the burial-ground of the Methodists in the City Road Chapel, close beside those of the Gamaliel at whose feet he had sat. It was his lot to encounter prejudice and persecution, but he lived to be honored as a scholar and beloved as a Christian teacher.

Adam Clarke was devotedly attached to the society of which he was so distinguished a member. "I belong to them," he once said, "body and soul, blood and sinews: this coat" (touching his sleeve, "is theirs." He was scarcely a youth when he commenced the work, and was known, indeed, as the boy preacher. Eloquent he never was, but impressive he was always; his learning was profound; his knowledge of ancient and modern languages very extensive; and no man had more deeply, or with better results, studied Scripture. It was a marvel how, living as he did a life of continual and active labor, he found time to acquire the mass of knowledge he gave to the world in his grand and famous commentaries on the Old and New Testaments.

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[*] There have been, and are, many literary women who have illustrated this position—that genius is in no degree incompatible with the ordinary duties of life: foremost among them was Maria Edgeworth, of whom we shall have to write. Indeed, we believe the female authors who neglect the home occupations, out of which only can arise the happiness of home, are but exceptions to a general rule.

[†] Her works have been translated into every European language, and into some of the languages of Asia.

[‡] In Ireland, very recently, much the same feeling existed. We were present once when a lady refused some favor her tenant asked of her. The woman made this comment: "I'm surprised at ye, my lady, that ye wouldn't give me a small thing like that—after me letting the children wear shoes, *and sending them to school to plase ye.*"

[*] I quote this passage from a book—"The Literary Women of England," by Jane Williams (published in 1861)—a book far too little known, for it is full of wisdom and knowledge, keenly yet generously critical, abounding in sound sense, thorough appreciation of excellence, and manifesting earnest advocacy of goodness and virtue.

[*] Some pages of his sermon, "Modern Infidelity," were written while he was lying in agony on the floor.

[†] Andrew Scott Myrtle, M.D., of Harrogate. His essay on this subject, which accompanies a small volume on the mineral waters of Harrogate, might be read with great advantage by all who, engaged in mental pursuits, are often attacked by the insidious but very perilous disease—OVERWORK.

[‡] Another daughter was married to Mr. Hook, who had a colonial appointment at one of the South African settlements, and was the mother of James Clarke Hook, R.A., the distinguished artist.

Yet the profound scholar was a man in manners, and seemingly in thought, as simple as a child. He was deemed eccentric, and probably was so; but he was mild, gentle, and conciliating—more especially to the young. "I had a prejudice against him," writes Montgomery, "because he was represented in a portrait in the *Methodist Magazine* as wearing a cocked hat; but he outlived that fashion, and I outlived my prejudice. I met, understood, and loved him."

When I knew him first his cheeks were rosy with health; they resembled those of a stout husbandman rather than a scholar who lived laborious days. He had a ponderous forehead that seemed to weigh down the eyebrows and protrude the eyes, which were light and "dreamy," and the eyebrows were thick and bushy, but white; the upper organs, those of benevolence and veneration, were very large; he had high cheekbones, and his form was thick and sturdy—capable, one would have thought, of enduring much fatigue. I think I never saw a countenance (I am speaking of a later period) that indicated more a living out of this world; that was of the earth only as a duty; perpetually communing with spirits—the spirits of just men made perfect. To be of that company was the study of his life here. He was a good as well as a great man; did the work of his Master thoroughly; and there can be no doubt that he is of the hierarchy of heaven.

MY OLD COAT.

By MORTIMER COLLINS.

This old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,
And changed is the color, and loose is the fit;
Though to beauty it certainly can not aspire,
'Tis a cozy old coat for a seat by the fire.

When I first put it on it was awfully swell:
I went to a picnic, met Lucy Lepel,
Made a hole in the heart of that sweet little girl,
And disjointed the nose of her lover, the Earl.

We rambled away o'er the moorland together:
My coat was bright purple, and so was the heather;
And so was the sunset that blazed in the west,
As Lucy's fair tresses were laid on my breast.

We plighted our troth 'neath that sunset aflame,
But Lucy returned to her Earl all the same;
She's a grandmamma now, and is going down hill,
But my old velvet coat is a friend to me still.

It was built by a tailor of mighty renown,
Whose art is no longer the talk of the town;
A magical picture my memory weaves
When I thrust my tired arms through its easy old sleeves.

I see in my fire, through the smoke of my pipe,
Sweet maidens of old that are long overripe,
And a troop of old cronies, right gay cavaliers,
Whose guineas paid well for Champagne at Watier's.

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed;
Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high—
We remember them well, Sir, my old coat and I.

Ah, gone is the age of wild doings at court,
Rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port;
Still I've got a magnum to moisten my throat,
And I'll drink to the Past in my tattered old coat.

"ME AND MY PAL."

A Tale of the Cuban Rebellion.

I.

My associates through life have been many and various. I have hobnobbed with "noblemen, gentlemen of property, heirs to entailed estates, officers on full pay, and other responsible parties;" and I have fraternized with grooms, gamekeepers, jockeys, trainers, and touts. Nay, on one occasion, being belated in a heavy snow-storm at the Bald-faced Stag at Finchley, I so won the heart of an inebriated hearse-driver returning from Finchley Cemetery that with a blind confidence, born of our host's good rum, he thrust whip and reins into my astonished hands, and climbing into the receptacle but recently vacated by his ("fare"), prayed me to pilot his sombre chariot home. Which, first stipulating for a temporary exchange of hats and cloaks, I did, to the admiration of all Camden Town—the mutes attendant on the sad cortége following, appropriately speechlessly drunk, in a four-wheeler. But of all the strange companions into whose society I have ever been thrown by a perverse fate, or whose companionship I have sought from what my friends are pleased to denominate "a taste for low life" (no idea could be more erroneous; I only thirst for knowledge), the person whom I am going to tell you about was, *par excellence*, the strangest and the most inscrutable. I am going to tell you a tale without a hero. Its "leading gentleman" (if such a term be applicable) is alluded to in my title under "the first person singular, nominative case—*me*" (Mr. Squeers is my authority for this grammar); and the identity of *myself—moi qui vous parle*—is merged in the endearing epithet of "my pal." This is rather perplexing; but as the whole title forms an expression which constantly fell from the revered lips of "*me*" when, in the intervals of professional discipline, he had occasion to allude to the unworthy narrator, I have chosen to preserve it in its entirety, in memory of the most extraordinary man I ever met.

His name was Jonas Baxter, and he was the most intrepid, desperate, and skillful burglar that ever laughed at Scotland Yard, or goaded the New York police to anger by his sublime indifference to the terrors of the Tombs.

At the time of which I write (very recently) he had long been an absentee from England, having "quitted his country for his country's good," and arrived in New York *via* Australia, after holding a temporary position under her Majesty's government in that colony. When my story opens, Mr. Baxter appears before the public as a fillibuster, having (with a view to insular depredations) volunteered to aid the oppressed Cubans in redeeming the "ever-faithful isle" from the stigma of slavery; and the writer, tired of doing nothing, had also taken service under the "Lone Star" flag, and was appointed second in command of the expedition which had the honor of numbering that true patriot, Mr. Baxter, in its ranks.

I was ignorant, however, of the greatness thrust upon me by his enrollment in my command until the day after we had left New York, when I had reason very heartily to be thankful for his enlistment.

The rank and file of the expedition were, as may be supposed, a "highly mixed up" lot—Cubans, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Danes, Irish-Americans, Yankees, a *very* few English, and *no* Scotch.

Of these the most unruly and the most thoroughly brutal were the Irish-Americans—the sweepings of New York, the very scum of the Bowery. One of these fellows was standing, half drunk, under the break of the poop, indulging in a string of such meaningless and awfully blasphemous oaths as can only be heard in the "down town" spirit stores of New York or Chicago. I could notice the intense annoyance, almost terror, of the commandant's wife (a Cuban lady), who was on the poop, unable to escape beyond ear-shot, and I accordingly ordered the ruffian to go forward. Excited by whisky, he turned on me, and strewed such flowers of speech, in Bowery *argot*, on my head, that, lax as our discipline with the men was, I was bound to punish him, and I accordingly ordered him to be confined. Immediately drawing his formidable knife, the rascal (as the Yankees say) "went for me." I was standing on the after-hatch quite unarmed, having left my sword and pistols in the cuddy; and, providentially, as he hurled himself on to me, his foot tripped on the combings of the hatchway, and he fell almost at my feet, the murderous weapon aimed at my breast just grazing my thigh. He was up again in an instant, with arm uplifted for a second and more fatal stab, when a crack like the smash of a carriage panel was heard, and Private Felix O'Gorman dropped with a fractured skull on the deck before a blow from a handspike, wielded by Mr. Jonas Baxter, burglar and Cuban patriot. There was no mistaking the man's nationality for a moment, even before he spoke. Such corduroys (may I adopt the vernacular, and say "kicksees?") were never made out of Whitechapel; and when he said, in the drawling, quiet tone so common to his kind, that he'd be blessed if he'd see the captain bested by a —— Fenian, my memory flew back over the Atlantic; I was again in Regent Street at 4 P.M. on a sunny afternoon in May, and the persuasive chant of "Buy a leetle dawg, captain?" once more rang in my ears. Scoundrel though the man might be, he was an Englishman, and he had saved my life; and my heart positively warmed to him as I gave his hand a grip that made the big knuckles crack, and swore that I'd stand by him to the end of the war.

At my request, Colonel D'Olivarez made the expatriated "cracksman" a sergeant—an accession of rank with which he was hugely pleased, entering on his duties with all the glee of a child who acquires a toy drum, and rendering mine much less irksome by the wholesome awe he inspired among his luckless subordinates, who feared as much as they hated him. Do not think, however, that Mr. Baxter had any intention of following soldiering as a profession. He held the calling of arms in the most unqualified contempt, and did not scruple to enlighten me as to his real intentions. (In explanation of the apparently undue familiarity with which my "dashing white sergeant" treated me, I should here mention that we had been advised to use no more authority than was necessary for the suppression of mutiny while on board ship over men who were used to no sort of control, and who valued human life at its lowest possible cost. There they were, probable food for Yellow Jack or Spanish bullets, and they knew it; and while prepared, ruffians as some of them were, to fulfill their part of the contract, and "fight till hell froze, and then fight on the ice," would have mutinied to a man had we worried them too much on the voyage.)

Mr. Jonas Baxter, therefore, was good enough to express his approval of my being an Englishman, and to favor me with several episodes of his extremely checkered career, some of which may possibly prove amusing to my readers. In justice to this child of fortune, or ill fortune, I should, however, mention that with his garb and cockney accent his likeness to the stereotyped burglar ceased. His face was not that which has been rendered familiar to us in the pages of *Punch* as that of the gentleman who performs the office of "the nasty man" in garroting circles. On the contrary, had Mr. Baxter been introduced into society clad in garments built in Savile Row, and been bidden to hold his tongue, no superficial observer could have distinguished him from the most *blasé* frequenter of the Burlington Arcade save by the massive squareness of his lower jaw, and the coarseness of his firm, sinewy hands.

But let him speak for himself.

"I saved your life, cap," quoth he; "and glad I am to have done it. I only wish I had had a pal like you in my business."

Feeling that a compliment was implied, but being uncertain as to the branch of commerce hitherto pursued by my preserver, I made bold to ask him to what he had hitherto devoted his apparently indomitable energies.

"Well," he replied, with a reluctance for which I could not at once account, "I open safes and—and *houses*. Come with me," he added, with *real* zeal, "and I'll show you as I'm no duffer." So saying, he dived 'tween-decks, myself following, where he opened a small brass-bound box, and disclosed to my astonished gaze a "jimmy," a small saw of exquisite workmanship, a centre-bit, and a quantity of other tools, the names of which it would puzzle me to recollect. "These," he said, "were the traps of poor Jim D——, who was hanged eighteen year ago at the Old Bailey. His widow, she were in Short's Gardens, and I give her £200 for the lot. D—— the Cubans!" he added. "In the bank at P—— are 6,000,000 dollars in gold. Let's fight till we get there, and then let's turn up patriotism, and *go straight for the bank.*"

"But," I said, "the cause—sacred cause of Cuba, Sergeant Baxter."

"Oh," said he, "that's all played out."

II.

No assurances on my part that my feelings were opposed to the unlawful annexation of the Spaniards' gold could persuade Mr. Baxter to forego the pleasure of mapping out a programme for our mutual aggrandizement. To my surprise I found that he was much better posted in the geography of the island than myself; and he was also informed—whether accurately or not I never had the opportunity of determining—as to the strength of the garrison at P——, and the exact number of sentries who guarded his El Dorado, the bank; so that I found myself, under protest, pledged to join in one of the most gigantic gold robberies ever contemplated out of Wall Street.

With artless candor Mr. Baxter informed me that his project had not originated in his own brain, but had been conceived by one of the largest speculators in New York, and confided to the joint execution of some four or five gentlemen of burglarious habits—among them my model sergeant—but he, with true nobility of soul, had resolved to prevent the dissensions that would probably arise from the division of the spoil by anticipating their arrival in the land of promise, and, as he expressed it, "taking the whole pile."

"And that," said he, glancing with disgust at the tunic he was altering to fit his burly figure, "is the reason you see me faked out in these here togs."

On the same principle, I suppose, that the old Indian braves used to stimulate their children to future deeds of heroism and "hair-raising" by narrating to them the exploits of former warriors of their tribe, Mr. Baxter sought to increase the ardor for house-breaking with which it had pleased his fancy to invest me by telling me of his past achievements.

"Do you remember," said he, "when the D—— mail was robbed of £60,000 in specie?" 'Twas I that did it. Seventy-four times did I travel down first-class by that very train from Victoria Station before I got the chance I wanted. There were four of us in it; and a very few more journeys would have broke us; for what with railway fares, cigars from Pontet's, and brandy, such as Baron Rothschild drinks, at seven-and-twenty shillings a bottle, for the guard, it cost us a tidy lot before we landed. My pal he got seven years, he did," he added, reflectively; but suddenly remembering that the sinister fate of his former associate might have a depressing influence on my budding enthusiasm, he hastily added, "But he was a fool—he was."

With Machiavelian subtlety the worthy non-commissioned officer allowed me no time to reflect whether the folly of the gentleman on whom misfortune had fallen did not primarily consist in becoming the comrade of so desperate and skillful a villain as himself, but plunged anew into anecdote.

"'Twas I," he said proudly, "who discovered how to split the Bank of England notes by placing them between steel plates covered with a strong cement, to which each surface of the note adhered; so that each half formed a perfect note, almost imperceptibly thinner than the entire one. I should have made a fortune then," he sighed, "only, while I was passing the notes at the rate of £100 a day, and often more, at Tattersall's, my partner he went to the Bank and rounded on me, he did."

"Did you ever commit mur— That is, did you ever take human life?" I asked him one day.

"Never but once," said he; "and that was in self-defense. I had cracked a crib, alone, up on Sixth Avenue, near the Central Park, and I was making my way down toward the river, with a basket with the swag in it on my arm, when I came full-butt on to a policeman. His revolver was out in a moment, but I was as quick as himself; and as *his* bullet whistled through my hat, *mine* went right through his brain. I heard afterward that he was the best shot in the force; but on that night, his own revolver being out of order, he had borrowed that of a brother officer, which threw a little high, and he was not aware of it, or I shouldn't be here now telling you my adventures."

III.

Thus the voyage passed away, each day leaving me more astonished at the extraordinary mixture of good and evil in this man's character. But for the *auri sacra fames* I really think he might have been a respectable member of society. He never gambled, or quarreled, or drank, and seldom ever swore; but for gold he hungered and thirsted. He used to dream of it all night, he told me, and by day certainly his only theme was gold and its acquisition. On this point I am sure he was a monomaniac. For the paper currency of the United States he had the greatest contempt. The yellow metal itself was his darling; and even while conversing he would keep nervously twisting in his strong, sinewy fingers a great twenty-dollar gold piece, which I am sure no privations would have induced him to change. But to the very last moment of his life—for I regret to say that poor Mr. Baxter, as you will hear, "died in his shoes"—my property was sacred in his eyes. When my watch was appropriated by one of the enlightened patriots under my command, they had a very rough time of it between-decks until my indignant sergeant recovered the missing property, and gave the unlucky thief such a practical homily on the tenth commandment as I am sure he never forgot; and when subsequently our privations rendered the men so desperate that they stole and fought for each other's food, my ration always remained intact in the watchful care of poor Jonas Baxter.

I am not writing a history of the Cuban Revolution, so I will pass over all the details of my campaigning in the island, merely remarking that the men proved amenable to no discipline, and that they fought independently, as only reckless, desperate men, inured to bloodshed and the sight of death in every form, could fight. As for Jonas Baxter, he was a host in himself. Every day's march brought him nearer the goal for which he panted. His precious tools, I was well aware, were concealed in his knapsack; and when he pillowed his head upon it at night, woe betide the man who should attempt to deprive him of one of those aids to boundless wealth. But, alas,

> "The best-laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft agley."

Mr. Baxter *did* reach P——, and so did I; but it was as prisoners of war, taken in arms against the Spanish government, and with a pretty acute perception that scant courtesy from our captors would be afforded us.

We were lodged with other prisoners in a large cell in the town jail, which occupied one side of the principal place, and from the closely barred window we could see the very bank that had lured my poor, covetous comrade to his doom. He was almost grand in the sublimity of his despair. "Six million dollars in gold!" he would repeat, gazing fixedly at the fatal building—"*six million dollars in gold!*" I thought of Napoleon at St. Helena. But though his dearest hopes were frustrated, and all chance of escape was denied him, he behaved with a gameness and pluck I have rarely seen equaled, never surpassed. I had been wounded, and was in a very weak and languid state—not improved by the thought that I had been rather a fool to get into such a mess for no reason at all—and to procure me some little comforts (of which he persistently refused to partake) this hardened thief parted with his beloved twenty-dollar piece. Neither of us supposed for a moment that our lives would be spared, and though I escaped (how and why need not be detailed here), not many days had elapsed after our arrival in P—— when they took poor Jonas Baxter out to be hanged. The gallows was erected in the large place on which our window looked, and, led by a horrible fascination, I drew near to it, and watched the awful proceedings.

"Good-by, captain," said he, as they led him out; "though I'm to swing, I'm right glad to think that *you'll* swing *clear*. I played for a big stake, and I've lost; but if I could, I'd do it again. Just think, six million dollars in gold!" And away he went, his irons clanking heavily, but his demeanor as unconcerned as if he were merely going to smoke a pipe with his friend Mr. Sykes, of Tiger's Bay.

He died as he had lived, defiantly. His last breath was used to chaff his executioners and beg them to make haste, as he "had an appointment, for which he did not wish to be late;" and as the drop fell, and his body swung slowly round, now facing his beloved bank, and now turning the swollen, blackened face toward the jail, I am not ashamed to confess that bitter tears rolled down my cheeks for the sad fate of the poor reprobate who was what crime and criminal laws had made him, but who, under different circumstances, *might* have been worthy of a better end.

AGGRAVATED PLAINNESS.

Plainness is a misfortune so much to be aggravated by mismanagement, and to be redeemed and rendered tolerable by judicious treatment, that the consciousness of it should make no one unhappy. The ugliest of men boasted that he was only five minutes behind the handsomest in the favor of the ladies. This may be true where wit is thrown into the scale. But the plain man is also more bound to the proprieties and scruples of the toilet than his well-favored brother. Old clothes and the suspicion of a soil tell on him with a damning effect; and yet this care must never merge into foppery. If he hits the golden mean, his reward will come, late but surely. At sixty or sixty-five he will be better worth looking at, be a pleasanter object for the eye to rest on, be welcomed with sweeter smiles, than the sloven of the same years, whatever his natural advantages. No one can pretend that plainness is no trial to a woman; therefore we ought the more to honor the plain woman who, hopeless of admiration, yet applies all the innocent arts of nicety, taste, and feminine tact to set off homely features to the best advantage, and to procure a *tout ensemble* not conspicuously unlovely. Fortunately it is a point on which an unlimited amount of self-deception is possible, for there is a charm independent of regularity and color, and no woman can be sure that she has no shadowy touch of such fascination.

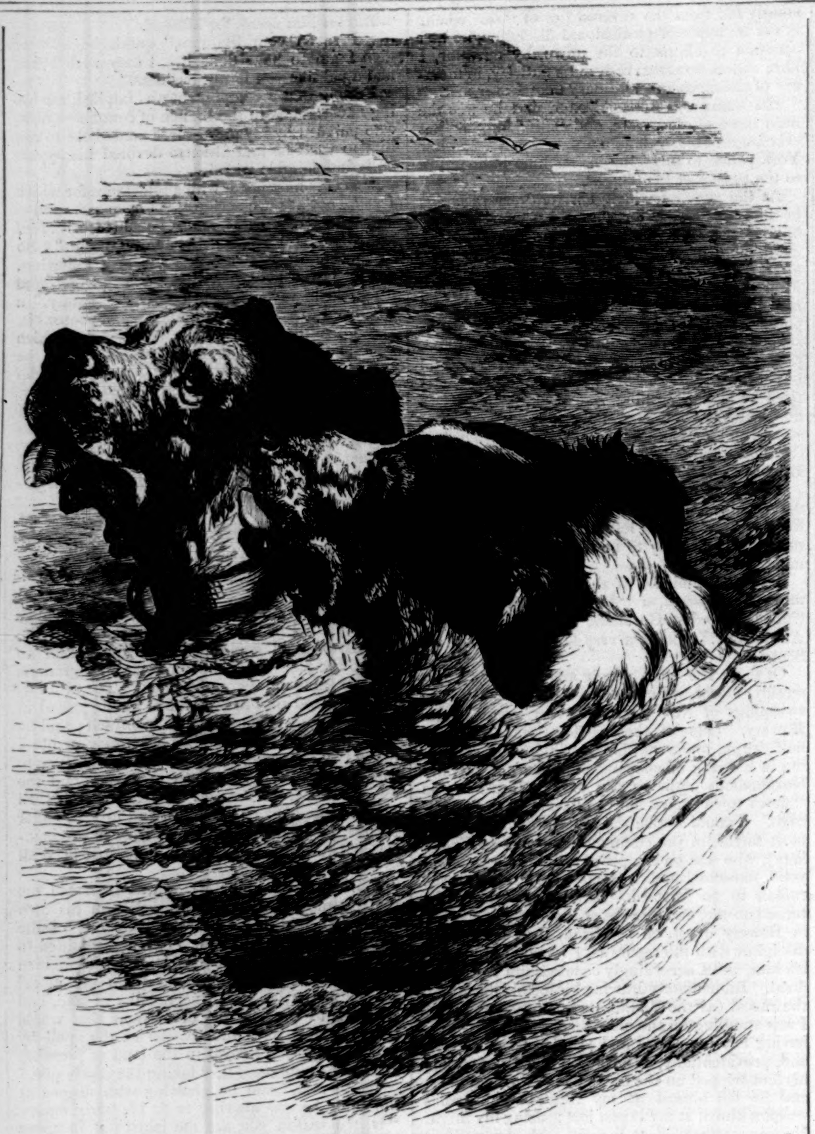
DOGS AND THEIR DOINGS.

BY THE REV. F. O. MORRIS, B.A.

Rector of Nunburnholme, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Cleveland. Author of a "History of British Birds," "Natural History of the Bible," etc., etc.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND'S RESCUE OF AN ENEMY.

"THERE is a well-authenticated anecdote of two fine dogs at Donaghadee," say the Messrs. Chambers in their "Anecdotes of Dogs," "in which the instinctive daring of the one in behalf of the other caused a friendship, and, as it should seem, a kind of lamentation for the dead after one of them had paid the debt of nature. This happened while the government harbor or pier for the packets at Donaghadee was in the course of building, and it took place in the sight of several witnesses. The one dog was a Newfoundland, and the other was a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good-natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and, as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is an approved means of putting an end to their hostilities; and it is natural to suppose that two combatants of the same species tumbling themselves into the sea would have the same effect. It had, and each began to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself, but at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, who, being no swimmer, was struggling, exhausted, in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals: they never fought again; they were always together; and when the Newfoundland dog had been accidentally killed by the passage of a stone wagon on the railway over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time."



THE COMBATANTS MADE FRIENDS.

"LION" ARRESTS A THIEF.

MR. M. WESTCOTT wrote, a few years ago, as follows in *The Naturalist:*

"Joseph Parsons, Esq., has a fine dog of the Newfoundland species, who is a very docile and affectionate fellow to all with whom he is acquainted, but he is very sparing of his friendship to strangers, nor will he hold familiar acquaintance with any one until he has seen them about the premises some time. He is by no means a savage animal, however, for he was never known to attack any person excepting on one occasion, and then he doubtless felt himself in duty bound to do so in order to protect his master's property. On this occasion the subject of his displeasure was a stranger who came into the yard, and 'Lion,' not liking his appearance, followed him about. The man, unconscious of the dog's sagacity, and therefore careless of his presence, secreted a chamois skin and water-brush, which the groom had been using, and was about leaving the place, when he was pounced upon by the dog, thrown down, and kept there until some of the men came to his rescue. Before he left they elicited from him a confession of the theft he had committed, which, of course, they assigned as the sole cause of his having been so summarily dealt with by his detector, for strangers are almost every day seen in the yard by 'Lion,' passing to and fro, without the least attempt at interference."

A DEER-STEALER DISCOVERED BY A BLOOD-HOUND.

BLOOD-HOUNDS were formerly used in certain districts lying between England and Scotland that were much infested by robbers and murderers, and a tax was laid on the inhabitants for keeping and maintaining a certain number of these animals. But as the arm of justice is now extended over every part of the country, and as there are now no secret recesses where villainy can be concealed, their services in this respect are become no longer necessary. Some few of these dogs, however, are yet kept in the northern parts of the kingdom, and in the lodges of the royal forests, where they are used in pursuit of deer that have been previously wounded. They are also sometimes employed in discovering deer-stealers, whom they infallibly trace by the blood that issues from the wounds of their victims.

A very extraordinary instance of this occurred in the New Forest, in the year 1810, and was related to me by the Right Hon. G. H. Rose. A person in getting over a stile into a field near the forest, remarked that there was blood upon it. Immediately afterward he recollected hearing that some deer had been killed in the preceding night. The man went to the nearest lodge to give information, but, the keeper being from home, he was under the necessity of going to Rhinefield Lodge, which was at a considerable distance: Toomer, the under-keeper, went with him to the place, accompanied by a blood-hound. The dog, when brought to the spot, was laid on the scent, and after following for about a mile the track which the depredator had taken, he came at last to a heap of furze fagots belonging to the family of a cottager. The woman of the house attempted to drive the dog away but was prevented; and on the fagots being removed a hole was discovered in the ground, which contained the body of a sheep that had recently been killed, and also a considerable quantity of salted meat. The circumstance which renders this account the more remarkable is that the dog was not brought to the scent until more than sixteen hours had elapsed after the man had carried away the sheep.

THE DOG WHO DETECTED MURDER.

WE are told by Plutarch of a certain Roman slave in the civil wars, whose head nobody durst cut off, for fear of the dog that guarded his body, and fought in his defense. It happened that King Pyrrhus, traveling that way, observed the animal watching over the body of the deceased, and hearing that he had been there three days without meat or drink, yet would not forsake his master, ordered the body to be buried, and the dog preserved and brought to him. A few days afterward there was a muster of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The dog lay quietly by him for some time; but when he saw the murderers of his late owner pass by he flew upon them with extraordinary fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king, which both excited the king's suspicion and the jealousy of all who stood about him. The men were in consequence apprehended, and though the circumstances which appeared in evidence against them were very slight, they confessed the crime, and were accordingly punished. —CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"

"HECTOR," THE FAITHFUL WATCHER.

MR. HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, writing to *Blackwood's Magazine*, says:

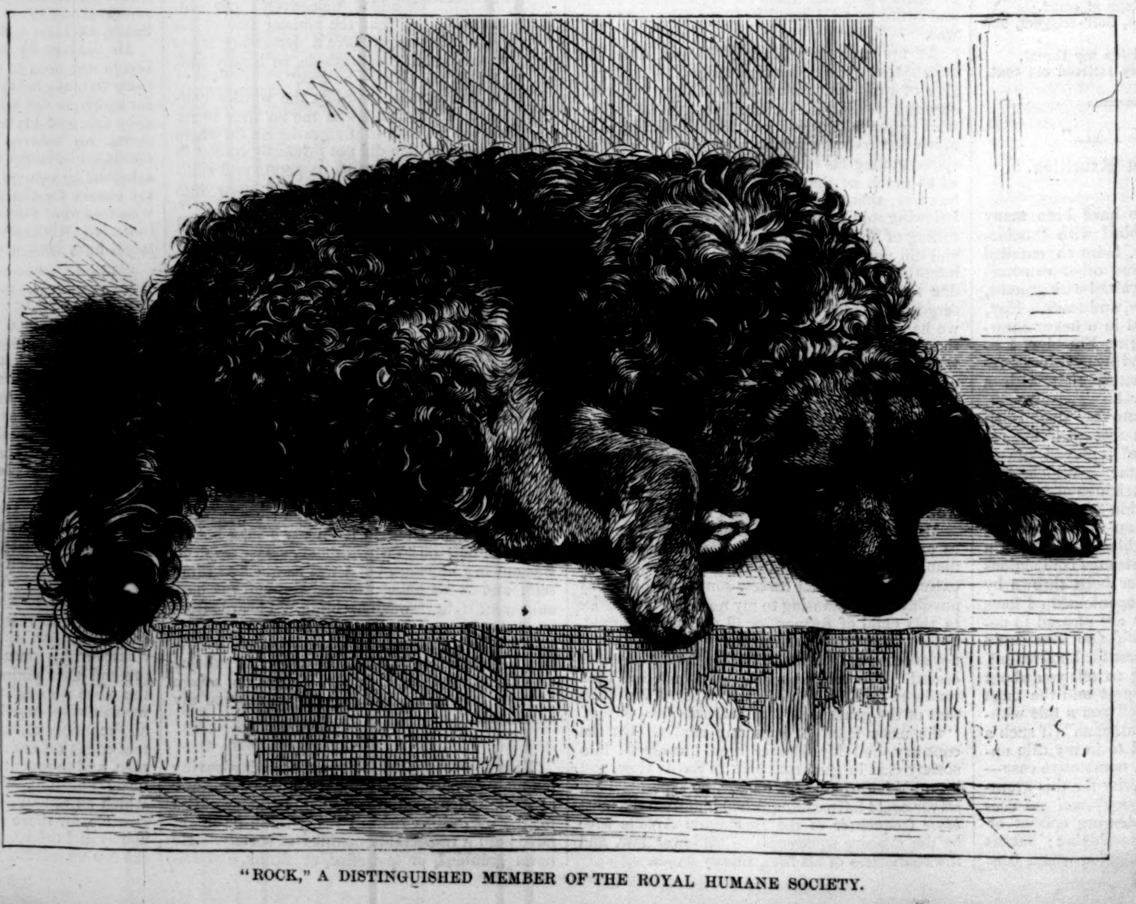
"I must give you some account of my renowned 'Hector,' which I promised long ago. I was once at the farm Shorthope, on Ettrick Head, receiving some lambs that I had bought and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it was growing late, and, being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half-way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild, black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. 'Hector' managed the point, and we got them safe home, but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark that we were obliged to fold them with candles, and, after closing them safely up, I went home, with my father and the rest, to supper. When 'Hector's' supper was set down, behold he was a-wanting! and, as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save the whole drove.

"The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if 'Hector' had come home. No, he had not been seen. I knew not what to do, but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some food to fit them for the road, and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor 'Hector,' sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still steadfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold—for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colly would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest 'Hector' had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he would not quit his watch, though he heard me calling both at night and morning."

THE SAGACIOUS DOG "ROCK."

A REMARKABLE instance of the sagacity of the dog occurred a few months ago in London. Captain Talbot's man-servant and dog were having their usual daily stroll along the Regent's Park Ornamental Water, when the feet of a man were seen just above the water. The servant called the dog's attention to them, when instantly "Rock" dashed into the water. In a few moments he seized hold of one of the legs of the trowsers, and struggled hard to draw the body out, but without avail. Then was witnessed one of the most remarkable instances of dog sagacity ever recorded. The noble creature suddenly dived down, seized the man by the coat collar, and in a few moments reappeared on the surface, dragging the body to the shore! All honor to "Rock," to John Adams, and also to the police, by whose persevering efforts the man was restored to consciousness. We regret that the rules of the Royal Humane Society have not allowed them to respond to our appeal for "a collar of honor" for "Rock," but we are glad to state that a number of our friends have cheerfully contributed the needful sum for one with silver mountings, which Captain Talbot has courteously accepted. It bears the following inscription:

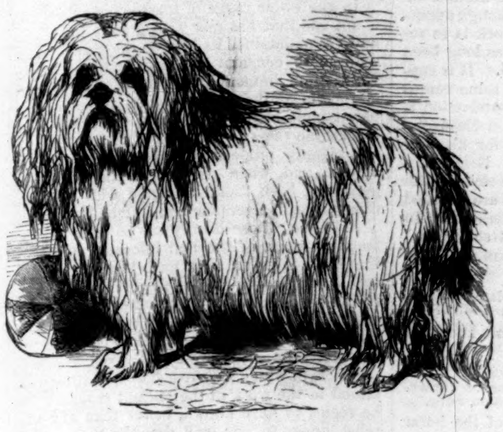
"PRESENTATION COLLAR, *in honor of* 'ROCK'S' *sagacity in saving a man from drowning in the Regent's Park Ornamental Water, April 6th,* 1869. *Presented by some of the readers of the 'British Workman.'*"



"ROCK," A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE DOG WHO COULDN'T BE JEERED AT.

"I WAS walking, some weeks ago," says the Rev. B. Grant, "in a neighboring town with a friend, who



was accompanied by a small half-bred Italian greyhound. As we approached a large factory the dog all at once started off at a tangent, running through a gentleman's grounds, and meeting us again at some distant point. I remarked upon the conduct of his dog to my friend: he told me that the dog generally did so if he were walking with it at the time the factory hands were coming out, as was the case in this instance. He said the 'hands' had jeered and laughed at the little dog sometimes, and since then it always made a bend out of the main street in order to avoid meeting them. Surely here was an instinct approaching to *reason*. We were not near the mill at the time, but a street from it; but the dog evidently remembered the circumstance of the mill hands laughing at him, and therefore, to avoid the like occurrence, acted in the manner I have described."

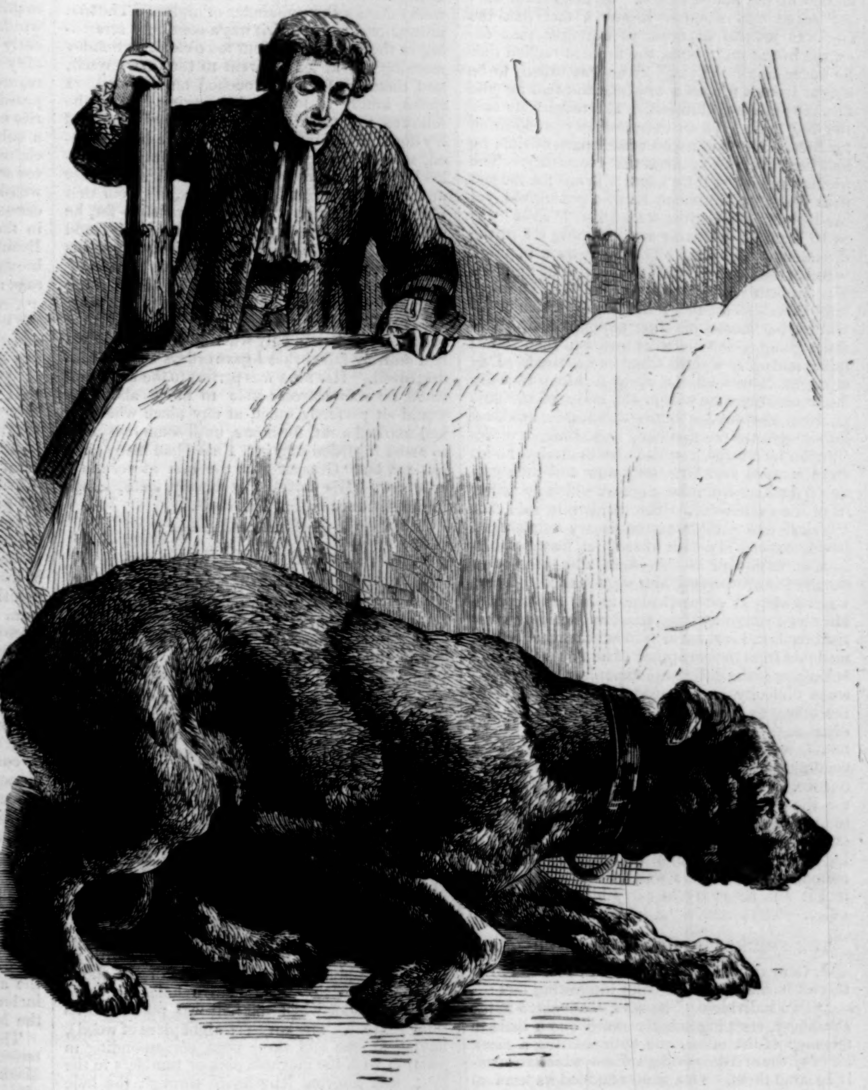
THE DOG WHO PREPARED FOR FAMINE.

MR. WHEELER supplies me with the following fact:

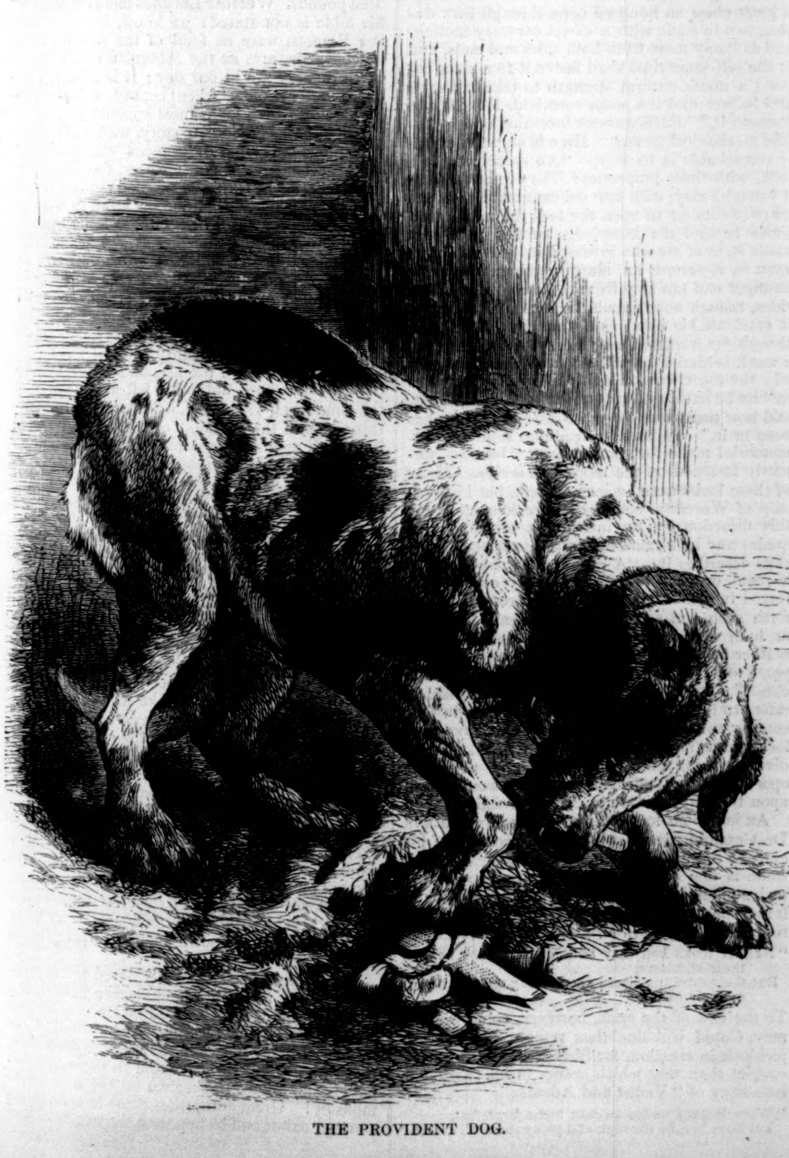
"A mansion in Gloucestershire had been let to a new family who undertook not only to keep the house in order, but to maintain a large dog which had been left there by the owner of the house. When the new-comers went away for the season, the dog was placed on board-wages with the dairy-maid, who is supposed not to have overfed her boarder, and therefore, at all future breakings up of the establishment, he knew by preparatory packing and other signs that the day of dearth was approaching, and very wisely used to prepare for famine by hoarding up unpicked bones and all scraps, which he would at other times and in palmy days have turned up his nose at."

A MURDER PREVENTED.

"VERY extraordinary stories have been told of dogs discovering and circumventing plans to injure the persons of their masters, in which it is difficult to place implicit credit. We give one of the most marvelous of these anecdotes, as it is usually related. Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favorite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard. One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his favorite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labor of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of his master, who had never shown him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodgings there. To save farther trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprang from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark: Sir Harry rang his bell, in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the favorite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavored to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment and soothed by the hope of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the unaccountable sagacity of the dog, and devoted attachment to his master. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words 'More faithful than favored,' is still preserved among the family pictures."—CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"



MURDER PREVENTED BY A DOG.



THE PROVIDENT DOG.

A WATER-SPANIEL'S KNOWLEDGE OF TIME.

THE following fact illustrates in a remarkable manner the sagacity which some dogs possess in being able to distinguish days of the week:

"The Rev. F. H. Hele, of Little-Hempston, near Totnes, had, a few years since, a water-spaniel which was much attached to the family, and never seemed happy when alone, even if left merely for a few minutes. Whenever any of the family were about to go to the village, about a mile off, the dog always followed, and, if driven back, was sure to gain his point at last; but, strange to stay, on a Sunday morning he quietly escorted his friends to the end of the garden gate, and returned to his usual station outside the house door until their return from church."

"TYKE," THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

A FEW years ago the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of attending the various fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his place of business were on fire.

"The removal of my books and papers," said he, in telling the story, "of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep out of every body's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him.

"'Is this your dog, my friend?' said I to a fireman.

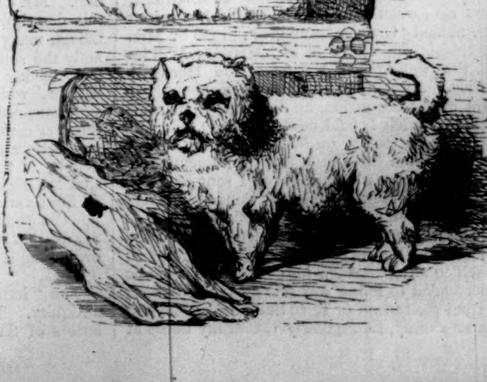
"'No, Sir,' answered he; 'he does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog.'

"'The firemen's dog!' I replied. 'Why so? Has he no master?'

"'No, Sir,' rejoined the fireman; 'he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us. His delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at.'

"The communication was so extraordinary that I found it difficult to believe the story until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity. Some time afterward I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and, to my surprise, here I again met with 'the firemen's dog,' still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place."

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterward appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman



at one of the police offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew "Tyke," as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he (the fireman) attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew "Tyke" for the last nine years, and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about "Tyke" was to be seen, as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that "Tyke" liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favorites, but passed his time among them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that "Tyke" was a most extraordinary animal, and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in his appearance. He was a rough-looking, small animal of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running; "Tyke," accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the police office.—CHAMBERS'S "*Anecdotes of Dogs.*"

THE FRIENDS, "PHŒBE" AND "CHLOE."

J. GWYNNE, Esq., in "The School for Fathers," narrates the following interesting fact:

"Two individuals," he says, "appeared in the shrubbery, stepping soberly along, one a little in advance of the other, and both wearing a meek air of virtue and duty and goodness, which strangely became them. One gently nodded its head up and down as it advanced; the other, on the contrary, held it stiff and straight, merely fixing a pair of soft dark eyes on the vicar the moment it saw him. He looked fondly toward them, and said, 'Those are "Phœbe" and "Chloe"—my mare and Newfoundland; and huge friends they are, I assure you. "Chloe" knows when the groom goes to saddle "Phœbe," and then she lies down with her nose between her paws, watching him. The minute he has done, up she jumps, the rein is put into her mouth, and she leads "Phœbe" up to the door as you now see; and not only that, but she follows me in my ride, and when we get home again I give her the rein, and she leads her friend back to her stable. If the lad happens not to be in the way, "Chloe" barks till he comes. Now just watch them.'"

THE DOG WHO KNEW "CHURCH-TIME."

Very curious are those many instances on record of dogs seeming to take note of the lapse of time, and distinguishing between a Sunday and a work-day. Thus writes the Rev. Leonard Jenyns:

"A lady (Mrs. Grosvenor, afterward of Richmond, Surrey), living in the neighborhood of my own village, had some years back a favorite Scotch terrier, which always accompanied her in her rides, and was also in the habit of following the carriage to church every Sunday morning. One summer the lady and her family were from home several weeks, the dog being left behind. The latter, however, continued to come to church by itself for several Sundays in succession, galloping off from the house at the accustomed hour, so as to arrive at the time of service commencing. After waiting in the church-yard a short time, it was seen to return home, quiet and dispirited. The distance from the house to the church is three miles, and beyond that at which the ringing of the bells could be ordinarily heard. This was probably an instance of the force of habit, assisted by some association of recollections connected with the movements of the household on that particular day of the week."

"GRASPER," THE SUNDAY VISITOR.

The following, sent to me by E. D. Conyers, Esq., of Elmswell, near Driffield, is another instance of a dog's discernment of the Sabbath:

"Fifteen or sixteen, or it may be seventeen, years ago, when I resided in Driffield, a terrier dog, named 'Grasper,' was given to me by Mrs. Wilkinson, the widow of Mr. Matthew Wilkinson, the well-known Master of the Hurworth hounds. After the dog had been about two years in my possession, he declined (from some cause for which I could never account) following me either on foot or on horseback more than a few yards from the house, and consequently, becoming useless as a companion, I sent him to a farm which I then occupied at Sunderlandwick, about a mile and a half from Driffield.

"Here he was never fastened up, but allowed to range about as he pleased. He never attached himself to any particular individual, nor could he be persuaded to follow any one off the premises; but from the second or third Sunday after he had been sent away, he regularly visited my house at Driffield every Sunday (so long as he was able to walk) during the remainder of his life. The first intimation I had of a visit was a continued scratching at the front-door about ten o'clock on Sunday morning. I at length went to the door myself, and there found him crouched on the step. I spoke kindly to him, and, wagging his tail, he followed me meekly into the dining-room, and lay down under the sideboard, where he remained, seldom changing his position, until the following day, when he suddenly left the house and returned to Sunderlandwick; and from that time, so long as he was able to travel so far, he never missed a Sunday, and as soon as he could get into the dining-room invariably took his old place under the sideboard, where a plate of meat was always placed for him at dinner-time. Sometimes he remained until Tuesday morning, but generally left on Monday. He lived to a great age, as it was only when his teeth and eyes had entirely failed that I gave orders to have him destroyed. His nose was perfect to the last; and when he was scarcely able to move about he would sit perfectly quiet, at any place where he had marked a rat, for hours, until some one came to assist in dislodging it. I have had many good terriers, but 'Grasper' was the best at vermin I ever saw. His portrait, by Fernly, Jun., hangs in the entrance hall at Elmswell."

LOCKS AND KEYS.

As thieving is the first recorded sin in human story, it is but reasonable to suppose that devices for the protection of movable treasure employed at a very early age the ingenuity of the craftsman. In all probability, Tubal Cain, the inspired artificer in brass and iron, was the first lock-smith who excited the proverbial hilarity of Cupid; but it is pretty clear that, at a very remote age, the lock-smith's craft had become renowned for its ingenuity and skill. In the Book of Nehemiah, Solomon's Song, and other parts of Holy Writ, are allusions to locks and keys; but they afford little indication of the character of the articles then in use. The most ancient lock of which we have any descriptive evidence is one sculptured in detail on a marble slab found among the ruins of the great temple of Karnac. This lock represented those in use more than forty centuries ago, and its construction was thus described by the discoverer of the relic: A staple was fixed to the side of the door, a bolt at a right angle with it, three loose pins in the upper part of the staple dropping into three consecutive holes, so as to fasten the door when the bolt was pushed to its fullest extent. The key (a straight piece of wood), having at one end three pegs, corresponding in position with the movable pins or tumblers in the lock, was inserted lengthwise through the hole formed in the bolt; and then the pegs in the key, corresponding with the vertical holes in the bolt into which the movable pins of the lock had dropped, raised the pins level with the top side of the bolt, thus disengaging the movable pins, and allowing it to move backward and forward, fastening or unfastening the lock. None but the right key could open the lock, owing to the variation of the movable pins. In its leading principles, this lock has proved to be the foundation of most of the inventions in recent times. The earliest keys were curved in shape, and of prodigious size. The poet Aratus, in his description of the constellation Cassiopeia, states that in shape it resembles a key, the stars to the north composing the curved part, and those to the south the handle.

In the earliest missals of the Christian Church reference is made to "warded" locks, so called to distinguish them from the more ancient Egyptian lock just referred to. The Benedictine friars of the Middle Ages were well skilled in the lock-smith's art, and their productions have never been surpassed in ingenious design or artistic execution. I have lately seen a specimen of the "apostle lock," probably five hundred years old, and the work of a Franciscan monk, which displays an ingenuity of construction perfectly marvelous. It is made entirely of wrought iron, and the ornamentation—forged and chiseled—includes a most elaborated wreath of flowers, concealed among which is a secret spring of microscopic dimensions, serving the same purpose as the "open sesame" of Eastern lore. Over the escutcheon is the figure of an apostle with outstretched hand, and the lever of the ordinary slide-bolt is in the form of a dog, looking as savage with one head as Cerberus did with three. I have before me a sketch of a *serrure de tabernacle*, of the same period, which is even more exquisitely elaborate. The escutcheon surrounding the key-hole is surmounted by a representation of our Saviour, and on either side are the figures of two angels. The other parts of the lock are most elaborately engraved, the edges being lined with beads and scrolls. The key is almost a miracle of industrial art, the bow containing a complete galaxy of seraphic beauties, and the stem being formed of shapely beads. Another ancient lock, in which the security is obtained by levers or tumblers, is of Chinese invention. Mr. Chubb has in his possession a lock of this description, made entirely of wood, and although many centuries old, it is founded on exactly the same principle as the modern Bramah lock, having "sliders or tumblers of different lengths," which can not be opened unless raised simultaneously to a particular height. Some authorities consider the age of this lock as remote as the time of Confucius. Some idea of the ingenuity of this invention is afforded by the fact that "a lock of five sliders or tumblers admits of 3000 variations, while one of eight will have no less than 1,935,360 changes," or, in other words, that number of attempts at making a key or picking it may be made before the lock can be opened.

The "letter lock" is another relic of industrial antiquity. This lock is so constructed that the letters of the alphabet, which are engraved on four revolving rings, may by pre-arrangement be required to spell a certain word or number of words before it can be opened. Although apparently complex, the security of this lock is in reality very small, and the invention has long been regarded as more curious than useful. It is supposed to be of Dutch origin, and is some centuries old, although the period of its introduction is a subject of dispute. Vanhagen von Ense disclaims the credit of the invention for his own countrymen, and attributes it to M. Reignier, a well-known French lock-smith of the seventeenth century. Proofs of its earlier origin are afforded in the pages of classical English literature. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Noble Gentleman," brought out in the year 1615, occurs the passage:

"A cap-case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with A.M.E.N;"

and the poet Carew, writing five years later, has this still more explicit reference:

"As doth a lock
That goes with letters, for till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as though you had found none."

Reignier's claim to the invention of the letter lock is doubtful, although his locks were held in great repute, and were used to secure the couriers' dispatch-boxes employed in the secret service of the government.

It is traditionally supposed that locks were originally introduced into England by the Phœnicians, who bartered them for Cornish ores. It is known that, in Alfred's time, locks of a rude description were manufactured in England, and from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries some attention was paid to the ornamentation of these articles. In the parish church of Snodland, in Kent, as also in Winchester Cathedral, are still to be found English locks of that period, wrought of massive metal. In the reign of Richard I, the price of locks was as follows: "Stocklokkes x*d.*; and hang-lokkes viii*d.* apiece," which was a considerable sum, considering the value of money at that time, and must have restricted the use of these articles pretty much to the upper classes. Latch-keys—the terror of Mrs. Caudle—were made as early as the sixteenth century, and the oldest specimens had a cross inserted in the centre of the bow. This was a very common ornament in the ancient keys, and was doubtless due to the superstitious belief in the power of these articles to influence the inhabitants of the spirit world. Keys in the seventeenth century were in many cases as elaborately decorated as the articles for which the locks were intended, including even the most magnificent cabinets of the Middle Ages.

The history of locks and keys supplies an interesting chapter in the curiosities of invention. Mark Scaliot, a smith of Elizabeth's time, is reported to have made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which, with a pipe key, weighed only two grains of gold. The ingenious Marquis of Worcester included in his "Centuric of Inventions" several wonders in the shape of locks and keys. "A little triangle-screw'd key, not weighing a shilling, yet capable and strong enough to bolt and unbolt round about a great chest an hundred bolts through fifty staples, two in each, with a direct contrary motion, and as many more from both sides and ends, and at the self-same time shall fasten it to a place beyond a man's natural strength to take it away; and in one and the same turn both locketh and openeth it." Such was one invention of this prolific mechanical genius. Here is another, equally remarkable in its way. "An escocheon for a lock, with these properties: The owner (though a woman) may, with her delicate hand, vary the ways of coming to open the lock ten millions of times beyond the knowledge of the smith that made it, or of me who invented it. If a stranger open it, it setteth an alarm agoing, which the stranger can not stop from running out, and besides, though none should be within hearing, yet it catcheth his hand as a trap doth a fox, and though far from maiming him, yet it leaveth such a mark behind it as will discover him if suspected; the escocheon or lock plainly showing what monies he hath taken out of the box to a farthing, and how many times opened since the owner has been in it." Padlocks were almost from time immemorial made for securing iron "bridles," formerly fastened on the mouths of scolds. Many of these locks were curious enough, but his lordship of Worcester eclipsed all previous efforts in this direction by an instrument which in his quaint way he termed *the untoothsome pear*. He thus describes it: "A little ball in the shape of a plum or pear being dexterously convey'd or forced into a body's mouth, shall presently shoot forth such and so many bolts of each side and at both ends, as without the owner's key can neither be opened or filed off, being made of tempered steel, and as effectually locked as an iron chest." Dr. Plot, the historian of Staffordshire, refers to locks made in complicated suits in that country two centuries ago. He also says that locks were made with chimes in them, playing divers quaint and wonderful tunes whenever opened. What effect this music would have upon the burglar it is not easy to imagine.

An ingenious lock-smith who has large faith in Dr. Cumming is troubled at the prospect of his craft at the dawn of the Millennium. The lock trade is one of those numerous industries that thrive upon the frailties of civilized mankind, and it must decay in the Golden Age, when the world resembles Longfellow's village of Acadie, for there

"Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows,
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners."

To the end of the craft, however, come when it may, Cupid will doubtless remain the greatest picklock in creation, for Shakspeare has no truer couplet than that which occurs in his passionate love-story of "Venus and Adonis:"

"Were Beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet Love breaks through and picks them all at last."

THE KRAKEN.

IN the whole range of fabulous monsters there is not one that has met with greater incredulity, and yet maintained its hold on the wonder of man with more constant tenacity, than the kraken. From time immemorial it has appeared again and again on the pages of travelers, and from the oldest philosopher to the days of Lacépède and Buckstone these faint traces of its true character and gigantic proportions have been carefully examined, and, when stripped of the usual exaggerations, been found to agree with the actual dimensions of a genuine and formidable monster.

Aristotle, whose history has so often been the laughing-stock of the half informed, and whom the skeptics of all ages have been delighted to use as a type of unreliable naturalists, has of late recovered, step by step, the veneration which he enjoyed in the Middle Ages. It would be an interesting task to gather the great facts constantly represented, in scientific works even, as new discoveries, of which a correct sketch is already contained in the work of the ancient savant. Thus he seems to have known, better than any naturalist down to our own day, the nature of the polypus, who, in all probability, has filled the imagination of men for so many centuries under the name of the kraken.

Trebius tells us a story, on the other hand, in which undoubted facts are already half hidden under a mass of exaggerations, of which Aristotle never became guilty, however common they were in the writings of the ancients. A polypus, he says, came every night from the great deep on shore at Carteja, in order to feed upon salt meat. These robberies incensed the people, who in vain tried to discover the intruder, although they surrounded their drying-places with high palisades. The polypus took advantage of a large tree which stood near them, and, by means of an overhanging branch that could support his weight, he slipped in night after night. At last, however, his hour came; the dogs discovered him one morning, as he tried to make his way back to the sea, and soon hosts of men surrounded the monster—at a distance only, for the novelty of the sight, the hideousness of the monster all covered with brine, his enormous size, and the horrible odor which he diffused on all sides nearly petrified the poor fishermen. In the mean time he was fighting the dogs bravely, now striking them to the ground with his two larger arms, and now beating them painfully with his whip-like tentacles. At last the men gained courage, and with their tridents they overcame and dispatched the monster. We must add, for the honor of Pliny, who quotes the account of Trebius, that he looks upon it as a prodigy, and in his quiet, quaint way gives the reader to understand his reluctance to vouch for the statement.

The head and the arms of the giant were, however, brought to Lucullus and carefully measured. The former was of the size of a cask, capable of holding fifteen amphoræ, with a beak in proportion; the arms were thirty feet long, and so large that a man could hardly span them; what remained of the flesh weighed still over seven hundred pounds. Whether Lucullus had it dressed for his table is not stated; we know, however, that the Romans were as fond of the flesh of these hideous creatures as the fishermen of the coasts of Normandy are in our day; it is firm, but savory, and assumes, when cooked, a white and pink color, which looks most appetizing.

Fulgosus has a similar story, with such slight variations only that it appears essentially the same account. Aslian, however, furnishes new evidence; for he states, upon good authority, that a huge monster of the kind, as large as the biggest of whales, was killed with axes by Spanish merchants, whose magazines it was in the habit of robbing. Pliny adds the crowning piece of wonder: A polypus, he says, exists in the great ocean, called Arbas, whose feet are of such enormous size that they prevent it from coming into the Mediterranean, as the Straits of Gibraltar are too shallow for such a giant!

Very different are the accounts which take up the thread where antiquity left it suddenly at the time when Rome fell, heathen gods were dethroned, and the darkness of the Dark Ages fell like a pall upon all mankind. The Scandinavian seamen, bold like no other sailors on earth, regular vikings, dwellers on the great deep, colored all their relations with the dark and dismal tinges of their grim Northern climate. The Greeks and the Romans, even, admired only what was beautiful and graceful in nature, and thus, although they knew the kraken, they loved not to dwell on his monstrous proportions and hideous appearance. Their poetry never alludes to them, and their art disdained to stoop to such repulsive forms. Not so the sombre children of Northern twilight; they also know the kraken, and describe it with remarkable correctness in their soberer moments; but they love to dwell upon its repulsive features; they exaggerate its dimensions and its ugliness; they change it into a terrible being, full of dread power and malign purposes; and then they believe in their own dreams, and enjoy, like children, the strange delight with which they are filled by their very fears. They go on increasing its size, till it becomes to their excited imagination the Mountain Fish, and they see it soon every where, in their land-locked bays and out on the stormy sea: when the thick storm-clouds lower till they touch the crest of the waves, it is the kraken; and when their anchor suddenly strikes upon an unknown shallow, it is again the kraken.

The Norwegians, especially, loved to tell wondrous tales; how their bold seamen landed on a deserted island which showed no trace of life, not a shrub nor a blade of grass; and while they still wandered about, marveling at the utter desolation, the island began to heave and to move, and behold! they found themselves on the back of the monster! Great authorities came to confirm the stories; saints and bishops lent the weight of their sacred character to the accounts given by laymen and heretics. Erick Falkendorf, a bishop of Nidros, wrote, in 1520, a long letter on the subject to Pope Leo X. He was sailing, on a Sunday, in a Norwegian vessel along the distant coast, and bewailed his inability to celebrate holy mass on firm land. As he mourned and prayed, suddenly an unknown islet arose, not far from the vessel; the crew land, the sacred vessels are carried on shore, and the holy office is celebrated with due solemnity. After mass they return on board ship, and immediately the island begins to tremble, and gradually to sink back into the sea, from which it had risen. The island had been a kraken!

Olaus Wormius, also, who is generally truthful enough, relates having seen, about the year 1643, one of these enormous monsters, and states that they resemble an island far more than an animal. He expresses his belief that there are but few krakens in existence, and curiously enough adds, that while they are themselves immortal, the medusæ are nothing more than the eggs and the spawn of these monsters.

Other writers of the same century confirm his statement, and believe in the immortality of the kraken—a faith which was not even shaken when in 1680 the carcass of one of these monsters was for the first time discovered in the Gulf of Newangen, in the parish of Astabough. His arms had become entangled in the countless cliffs and rocks which characterize the dangerous coast of that neighborhood, and the animal had died there, unable to extricate itself. When putrefaction commenced in the enormous mass, the odor became so offensive for miles and miles that serious fears of a pestilence were entertained. Fortunately, the waves came to the aid of the frightened people, tearing off piece after piece, and carrying it into the ocean; and when the last remnant had been washed away, an official report of the whole event was drawn up by a clerical dignitary, and is still to be found in the government archives at Drontheim.

A similar case occurred on the Newfoundland Banks, where polypi abound in such numbers that the fishermen of all nations, who congregate there in the season, use every summer nearly two millions as bait, with which to catch codfish. Toward the end of the last century a monstrous specimen of this class died on these banks beyond Pine Light, and here, also, the mass of putrefying matter was so enormous, and the odor so intolerable for a great distance, that the grave apprehension of an epidemic drove the fishermen from the neighborhood till the currents had carried off every trace of the terrible animal.

Of all the authors, however, who have given us more or less detailed accounts of their experience with the soetrolden, or sea-scourge, as the Swedes call it, Pontoppidan is by far the most precise in his statements.

The Northern people, he tells us, assert, and without the slightest contradiction in all their accounts, that when they go out into the open sea during the great heat of the summer they find the water suddenly less deep, and upon sounding the lead frequently marks only thirty fathoms. The fishermen know then that a kraken floats between the lead and the bottom of the sea, and they immediately get ready their lines, for they know that where the monster is, fish always abound. If, on the other hand, the depth diminishes, if this accidental bottom moves and rises, then it is time for them to make their escape; for the kraken is waking up and about to rise, in order to breathe and to stretch out its huge arms toward the sun.

The fishermen hasten away with all their might, and when they can at last rest on their oars at a safe distance, they can see the enormous creature, whose back covers a mile and a half of sea. The fish, taken by surprise by his sudden rising, leap frantically about in the small pools formed in the rugged irregularities found in his back, and then a number of points or shining horns appear gradually, rising till they look like masts with their yards; these are the arms of the kraken, which are so powerful that they can seize the ropes of a large ship and sink it in a few moments. After having remained a short time above water, the kraken sinks down again, and this is scarcely less dangerous to vessels near by, as he displaces, in sinking, such an enormous volume of water that whirlpools and currents are formed scarcely inferior to those of the great maelstrom.

Such is the account found in the Natural History of the learned bishop, who, no doubt, wrote what he conscientiously believed to be true, although he can not quite disguise his own skepticism in regard to some of the facts mentioned. It is very different with Augustus of Bergen, a man of critical mind, who, not having seen a kraken himself, collected all the Scandinavian accounts of which he heard, and, after examining them carefully, came to the conclusion that there does exist a gigantic polypus—though far from boasting of the dimensions usually attributed to the monster—that it is provided with arms, that it emits a strong odor, that it shows at times long tentacles, and only appears in summer-time and during calm weather. It is remarkable how fully the conclusions of this learned naturalist have been confirmed by modern discoveries.

The great Linné, a Swede in heart as in race, seems to have been troubled with strange doubt concerning this pet monster of his countrymen; for, after having solemnly introduced the kraken into his Swedish fauna, and after speaking of it even more fully in his great work, "The System of Nature," he suddenly drops him in the seventh edition, and never more says a word of the gigantic polypus. This did not have much effect, however, on the sailors of his and of other lands, as they were not much given to reading Latin works; and in Sweden, as well as in France, the faith in the kraken remained as general and as firm as before. Countless votive offerings adorn to this day the little chapels that rise high above the iron-bound coast, with their tiny turrets and tinkling bells; but none more weighty in precious metals, none more faithfully offered to the Lord of the Sea, than those which speak of the delivery from the dread kraken. One of these—in the Church of "Our Lady of the Watch at Marseilles"—is accompanied by a touching recital of a fearful combat with the monster on the coast of South Carolina; and another, hung up in the chapel of St. Thomas, at St. Malo, testifies to the escape of a slave-ship from the arms of a gigantic polypus at the very moment when it was leaving the port of Angola.

In 1783 a whaler assured Dr. Swediaur that he had found in the mouth of a whale a tentacle of twenty-seven feet length. The report was inserted in a scientific journal of the day, and there read by Deny Montfort, who at once determined to obtain more ample information on the subject. It so happened that just then the French government had sent for a number of American whalers, in order to consult with them as to the best means by which the French fisheries could be revived. These men were staying at Dunkirk; and here Montfort questioned them, and, upon inquiry, it appeared that two of them had found feelers, or horns, of such monstrous animals. Ben Jonson saw one in the mouth of a whale, from which it hung to the length of thirty-five feet; and Reynolds another, floating on the surface of the sea, forty-five feet long, and of reddish slate-color. But of all the reports which he heard, the following was the most minute, and yet also the most extraordinary:

Captain John Magnus Dens, a Danish sailor of high character and established uprightness, deposed that, after having made several voyages to China in the service of the Gottenburg Company, he had once found himself becalmed in the fifteenth degree of south latitude, at some distance from the coast of Africa, abreast of St. Helena and Cape Nigra. Taking advantage of his forced inactivity, he had determined to have his ship cleaned and scrubbed thoroughly, and for that purpose a few planks were suspended on the side of the vessel, on which the sailors could stand while scraping and calking the ship. They were busy with their work, when suddenly an anchertroll—so the Danes call the animal—rose from the sea, threw one of its arms round two of the men, tore them with a jerk from the scaffolding, and sank out of sight in a moment. Another feeler appeared, however, and tried to grasp a sailor who was in the act of ascending the mast; fortunately the man could hold on to the rigging, and as the long feeler became entangled in the ropes, he was enabled to escape, though not without uttering most fearful cries. These brought the whole crew to his assistance; they quickly snatched up harpoons, cutlasses, and whatever they could lay hands on, and threw them at the body of the animal, while others set to work cutting the gigantic feeler to pieces and carrying the poor man to his berth, who had swooned from intense fright. The monster, with five harpoons thrust deep into its quivering flesh, and holding the two men still in its huge arms, endeavored to sink; but the crew, encouraged by their captain, did their utmost to hold on to the lines to which the harpoons were fastened. Their strength was, however, not sufficient to struggle with the marine giant, and all they could do was to make fast the lines to the ship, and to wait till the forces of the enemy should be exhausted. Four of the ropes snapped, one after the other, like mere threads, and the harpoon of the fifth tore out of the body of the monster with such violence that the ship was shaken from end to end; thus the animal escaped, with its two victims. The whole crew remained overcome with amazement; they had heard of these monsters, but never believed in their existence; and here, before their eyes, two of their comrades had been torn from their side, and the third, overcome with fright, died the same night in delirium. The feeler which had been separated from the body remained on board as an evidence that the whole had not been a frightful dream; it measured at the base as many inches as their mizzen-mast, was still twenty-five feet long, and at the pointed end provided with a number of suckers, each as large as a spoon. Its full size must have been far greater, however, as only part of it had been cut off, the animal never even raising its head above the surface. The captain, who had witnessed the whole scene, and himself thrown one of the harpoons, ever afterward considered this encounter the most remarkable event of his checkered life, and calmly asserted the existence of the kraken.

All these ancient accounts, the Norwegian legends, the reports of sailors of many nations, and the minute descriptions of Sicilian divers, who spoke of polypi as large as themselves, and with feelers at least ten feet long, could not fail to make an impression upon men of science, and the most discreet among them came to the conclusion that there must be some truth amid all those fables.

It was, however, reserved to our century to strip the facts of all exaggeration, and to establish the existence of such monsters beyond all controversy. A kind of mollusk, called cephalopodes, was found in various seas, whose peculiar formation and strange appearance sufficiently explained the marvels told of the kraken. An elongated sack in the form of an egg, or a cylinder, from which protrudes at one end a thick, round head, with a pair of enormous flat eyes; on this head, at the summit, a kind of hard, brown beak, after the manner of a parrot's bill, and round the beak a crown of eight or ten powerful, long arms—this is the polypus, which passed of old for a kraken.

On the inner side, each one of these gigantic arms or feelers is covered with a double row of suckers, which resemble a small cup with a movable bottom. By means of these cups, which the animal can exhaust of the air they contain, it can affix itself to any surface; and as it possesses several hundred of them, its power is naturally enormous. Nevertheless, they use these feelers only for the purpose of seizing their prey and handing it up to the beak, which then goes to work and tears it to pieces. Nor is their manner of swimming less curious. Their gills require a large quantity of water to furnish them with a few globules of air; to provide this supply they are covered with an elastic mantle, which the animal contracts when it is full, so as to drive the water it contains through a tube placed between the eyes. Every time that the mantle is thus contracted and the water expelled the latter forms a kind of jet, which, striking upon the inert matter around, gives to the animal an impetus in the opposite direction. At each pulsation, therefore, it advances, and thus it travels quite rapidly through the water.

The cephalopodes on European and American coasts are generally only of small size, although in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic seas some have been found of larger dimensions, and others still greater are kept in museums. In the open sea, however, vessels have encountered genuine giants of the kind, and these are, no doubt, the true representatives of the kraken. Rang met one of the size of a ton, and of reddish color; while Pennant saw in the Indian seas an eight-armed cuttle-fish, with arms of fifty-four feet in length and a body of twelve feet in breadth; thus making it extend, from point to point, one hundred and twenty feet. A naturalist of Copenhagen, who has made the study of these animals his specialty—Steenstrup—had occasion to examine one of these monsters in 1855 on the coast of Gothland, where it had been caught by fishermen. It required several carts to carry the body off; and the hind part of the mouth, which he saved from destruction, still had the size of an infant's head. The museum at Utrecht contains a specimen of a colossal cephalopode; and the American Barnum was, of course, not without at least one of the feelers of such a giant, as thick as a man's body, and over ten feet long. William Buckland, the great naturalist's son, and an excellent observer himself, took pains to examine the varieties known to the British coast, and allowed one small specimen to grasp his hand and arm. He describes the feeling to be such as if a hundred tiny air-pumps had been applied at once, and little red marks were left on the skin where the suckers had been at work. "The sensation," he says, "of being held fast by a (literally) cold-blooded, soulless, pitiless, and voracious sea-monster almost makes one's blood run cold. I can now easily understand why they are called man-suckers; only the natives of the Chinese and Indian seas have such a horror of them—for in those climates they are seen large and formidable enough to be dangerous to any human being who may be so unfortunate as to be clutched by them." Victor Hugo's description of his monster in the "Travailleurs de la Mer" is, of course, far more graphic and poetical, though hardly less to the point. On the logs of many a vessel encounters with colossal mollusks of this kind have since been entered; and although the largest ever accurately measured—by a French man-of-war's man—was only twelve feet long in body, with feelers of fifty feet in length, enough has been seen and recorded in our days to justify the conviction that the wonders of the deep are not yet all known, and that animals like the kraken may be still in existence.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

The state or province of Orange River is north of the seat of the old Caffre war. Twenty years ago this state was occupied by emigrant Boers, descendants of the Dutch colonists; for in 1853 England formally abandoned the whole tract—about as large as Great Britain—lying between the Orange and Vaal rivers. Some of these Boers migrated farther across the Vaal, forming the "Transvaal" Republic. Britain never had dominion here. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says these so-called republics consist each of a few thousand Boer families. He does not consider them descendants of the Dutch, but of the warlike North Germans, whom the United Pioneers hired to guard their distant settlements, giving them lavish grants of lands. Nearly all the supplies drawn by the Transvaal and Free State republics come across the Drakensburg range—that is, by the Natal route, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Persons who know the district well state that the real wish of the republicans is to be incorporated with the Cape Colony and Natal; and perhaps some such arrangement is not far distant. According to Mr. Mann, the diamond region commences at the junction of the Vaal with the Orange, and extends for an unexplored distance up both rivers. We must not think that the district is in the midst of the Boer families; on the contrary, it is described as "a desert region of bare rock and sand, far from the upland pastoral districts" where they reside. It is easily reached. There is the journey from Cape Town of eight hundred miles, and though this will be greatly used, its great distance renders it undesirable. Mr. James Gill, in a recently published pamphlet, advocates the route from Port Elizabeth to Graaf Reinet (one hundred and sixty miles), and from that place by Hanover and Hope Town to the diggings, three hundred and thirty-six miles; making four hundred and ninety-six altogether. Mr. Gill advises the emigrant to land at Port Elizabeth, bringing with him a small filter, rifle, and revolver, as they are not easily procurable. Long-toms, cradles, and other appliances can be readily bought in the colony. A passenger cart plies between Port Elizabeth and Somerset (fare $15), and he can go by post-cart to Graaf Reinet for $7 50. Mr. Gill says: "This is a pleasant and expeditious route, and the journey over the Zumberg Mountains, the scenery of which is magnificent, will at once put him in love with the country."

The first South African diamond is said to have been discovered in March, 1867. Professor Tennant, in a lecture delivered November 23 before the Society of Arts, stated the fortunate person was a Dutch farmer named Schalk van Niekerk, who was struck with the appearance of a stone with which some children were playing. He showed it to Mr. O'Reilly, and, through the clerk of the peace for the district of Colesberg, it came into the hands of Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town. After taking the specific gravity and hardness, and testing it by polarized light, he decided that it was a genuine diamond. It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse, then governor of the colony, for $2500. Professor Tennant, in June, 1868, directed attention to the Cape diamonds at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. He alluded to two specimens which had been purchased by Sir. P. Wodehouse of Messrs. Garrard. The first is in the shape of an octahedron (three-fourths of an inch by three-eighths of an inch), of a yellowish tinge, weighing $21\frac{11}{832}$ carats. It was found near Hope Town, on the Orange River. The second is an octahedron, more symmetrical, weighing $8\frac{13}{16}$ carats, specific gravity 3.54. The professor stated that one stone was taken to a blacksmith to see if it would resist a blow of the hammer, it being a mistaken notion that a diamond would resist such a blow. He pointed out that there are few more brittle substances in nature than the diamond, and that a valuable stone may be seriously injured by merely falling on the floor.

In May, 1869, the magnificent diamond of 83½ carats was discovered, which has been named the "Star of South Africa." It was found by a man named Swatbooy, near Sandfontein, on the Orange River. He sold it to Schalk Niekerk for 500 sheep, 10 head of cattle, and a horse, and Messrs. Lilienfeld Brothers are said to have given $56,500 for it. This stone was last year taken to England, and being cut, produced a fine stone of 46½ carats. It is valued at $100,000, and Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, in whose possession it now is, have promised to show it to any one desirous of seeing it. In a single year the new field has yielded more than five stones above forty carats, whereas the other localities altogether have not yielded more than one stone of that weight per annum. Professor Tennant thinks we shall have diamonds from South Africa exceeding the Koh-i-noor in size, and equaling it in beauty when cut and polished.

Instances of wonderful luck in the field are reported. One man in his first day's work found a diamond worth $12,500; another, in the course of a week, sold one for $1750; while, on the other hand, we hear of persons laboring for months without finding a good stone. And it must be labor with a vengeance, toiling harder than a convict, under a burning sun, with many hardships in the shape of food and lodging to put up with. The general opinion seems to be that if a man has $1000 a year he had better keep away.

Diamond merchants are in the field in force, and one firm asserts that the fields are, without doubt, the richest ever discovered. In the *Cape and Natal News* of August 8 one party of associates is said to have sent to the coast stones to the value of $100,000. Mr. Silverfield, of Hope Town, is said to have purchased 370 diamonds, valued at only $15,000. Mr. Mann tells us of one persevering man who worked for six months without getting a single stone, and when about to give up found a gem that paid him for all his labor. Another account states that Mr. Hond is known to have purchased upward of 400 stones in six days, and one man saw 63 diamonds unearthed in a day at Kallenberg. In one week 75 diamonds were registered by the committee. Many, of course, are never reported; but the rule is that each finder shall take his stones to the committee to be entered in a book. Diamonds to the assumed value of $250,000 are reported to have been discovered in one week—namely, that ending August 27. Messrs. Goodliffe & Co., of Cape Town, say they are understating the amount when they put the total value of those discovered to September at $1,000,000. These gentlemen are convinced that the real riches of the fields have yet to be yielded to the scientific application of capital. Mr. Unger, of Hamburg, states that the general quality of Cape diamonds, the result of surface scratchings, is superior to the stones of Brazil found at a depth of twenty feet. The general characteristics of the Cape field more resemble the Indian than the Brazilian diamond regions. Most of the stones are found on the surface; but one man sunk a hole ten feet down, and discovered diamonds at that depth. The Pniel diggings are said to be far richer than the original ones on the opposite side of the river. An extract from the diary of Mr. G. S. Higston gives the *modus operandi* in use at the fields: "After loosening the red ferruginous gravel by means of a pick, and removing the large boulders, those who are not possessed of washing apparatus and the means of transporting the diamondiferous soil to the river, merely pass it through a fine sieve, and then examine the remainder to detect the precious gems. In this way many have been obtained; but as a diamond or a ruby, when covered with moist ferruginous dirt, is not easily detected, no doubt some have been passed over and thrown away among the débris. Washing, although requiring more hands and appliances, is, no doubt, a much more certain process. The ground is first puddled in a shallow trough about five feet long, two broad, and six inches in depth, one man pouring water upon it, while another